

9256
P. 6. 21. 14
11474.L. 14
LA PUCELLE;

O R,

THE MAID OF ORLEANS:

FROM

THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

The First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Cantos.

THE SECOND EDITION.

[PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.]

LAPUOLLE

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

LAPUOLLE

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

THE MAID OF ORLEANS



VOLTAIRE

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

R. Aronst de Voltaire

LA PUCELLE;

O R,

THE MAID OF ORLEANS:

F R O M

THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

The First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Cantos.

..... *Non illa colo, calathifera Minervæ*
Femineas adfuta manus, sed prælia virgo
Dura pati

VIRGIL.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR E. AND T. WILLIAMS, NO. 13, STRAND; C. STALKER,
STATIONERS-COURT; AND T. HOOKHAM, NEW BOND-STREET.

M,DCC,LXXXIX.

LA PUCELLE

THE MAID OF ORLÉANS

THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE

The French of Voltaire

46.
9 4
260



MUSEUM LIBRARY

OF the LA PUCELLE of VOLTAIRE it is almost superfluous to speak, as, from the prevalence of the language in which it is written, the public cannot be ignorant that it has every characteristic of its celebrated author; that it is wit and satire adorned with all the colouring of fancy, and all the elegancies of diction. Attending to its various beauties, the translator felt a wish of giving them to his own language, for the accomplishment of which purpose he set apart some hours of a life happily disengaged from the severities of business; and the reader is here presented with a short specimen of the result. If it be so fortunate as to meet with his approbation, the remaining parts shall be consigned to the press. That they are at present withheld proceeds from the translator's diffidence of success; it is far from his desire to obtrude himself on undeserved notice, and, when he professes that he is not studious of profit, he must acknowledge that his affluence is not sufficient to induce an indifference to loss. There are two very respectable descriptions of men to whom the translator must particularly address himself: the periodical critics, who avow themselves the guardians of the public taste; and the men of grave characters, who, alarmed at the name of Voltaire, may on this occasion feel themselves the guardians, and prepare to enter the lists as the champions, of the public morals. To the former the translator must announce himself the writer of amusement, and not of profession; but he wishes not, under any pretences, to obtain more than his due, and his

object

object is not to preclude criticism, but to deprecate severity. Acquainted with the original, the style of which, like that of all satyrical writings in French verse, is close, compressed, and abrupt, they must be sensible of the difficulties of the undertaking, and it is only for the indulgences to which these may be entitled, that he presumes to solicit. If therefore, in adapting the poem to an English dress, the translator has here, and there been tempted to use some little latitude in the construction, he has only to throw himself on the candour of his judges, and to hope that he has neither been so frequent, nor so licentious in the use of it, as to destroy the general sense, and spirit of the author, to amplify his compression into weakness, or overlay the character of his wit with superfluous ornament. To the latter the translator finds it less difficult to address himself, for his literary delinquency he feels to be greater than his moral. The PUCELLE is usually ranked with the most exceptionable of its extraordinary author's productions, but the translator cannot subscribe to the propriety of this disposition; he allows indeed that the poet's wit is sometimes too wanton, and his satire sometimes too undistinguishing, but the frippery of a declining superstition, the abuses and corruptions of popery in particular, and of priestcraft in general, seem to be the just object of the one, and to entertain the fancy rather than taint the mind, is the obvious tendency of the other. It was under this aspect of the work, that the translation was undertaken, in which the translator trusts nothing will appear to justify classing him amongst the open, or the insidious enemies of virtue, or religion.

THE

T H E
MAID OF ORLEANS.

THE FIRST CANTO.

Which of the French King's am'rous feats
With beauteous Agnes Sorel treats,
Orleans besieged, a Saint's appearing,
And many more things worth your hearing.

OF Saints to sing tho' weak my strain,
And sav'ring somewhat of profane;
Yet would I fain devote a verse
That heroine's praises to rehearse,
That more than amazon of woman,
Who such exploits atchiev'd, as no man,
No mortal ever did before;
An angel only could do more:

B

For

For if what's said is gospel, she
Restor'd the drooping fleurs de lys;
From Charles her monarch turn'd aside
Of English rage th' impetuous tide;
And offer'd him at Remo's altar,
Rescued perhaps from ax, or halter,
There to receive the sacred unction
To fit him for his royal function.
Yet had she each external sign
Denoting gender feminine;
The face, the dress, and had, I trow,
The badge infallible below:
But an Orlando's vigour lay
Beneath the petticoat and stay.
All this does mighty well for Mars,
But under me in Venus' wars
A cadet, if to chuse I am,
Should have a stronger smack of lamb.
For you'll discover that this Joan
Of Arc was lion to the bone,
With hair an end as you proceed
Of her unrivall'd feats to read;

And

And yet, Herculean as they were,
To keep her maidenhead a year
Was of her toils the most severe.

O! of discordant mem'ry thou,
Who, curst by Phœbus with a bow
On fiddle of most gothic tone,
Hast scrap'd the history of Joan,
Chapelain, in honour of thy trade
Vouchsafe thy genius to my aid:
But no---Houdart may need the boon
To make old Homer a buffoon.

'Twas on one Easter tide at Tours
Where Charles in cap'ring pass'd his hours,
The youth, blest circumstance for France!
Saw Agnes Sorel at a dance.
A form of that superior kind
As leaves description far behind;
For let imagination seek
The first young rose on Flora's cheek;

Go

Go bid the sylvan nymphs attend
 Their harmony of shape to lend;
 And then to Love's enchanting face
 Add all that beauty owns of grace;
 For ease and elegance make room,
 And dress her from Arachne's loom:
 With Syren music let her tongue,
 Her steps be with seduction hung:
 Beside, like bees round ev'ry charm
 Let Je n'scai quois unnumber'd swarm,
 A single one of which contains
 A pow'r to lead the world in chains;
 On's marrow-bones the hero brings,
 Makes fools of sages, slaves of kings:
 And yet such colours were too faint
 This lovely paragon to paint.
 The monarch saw, and felt a flame;
 To see and love her was the same;
 And through th' ascending scale of fire,
 From the first spark of young desire,
 His royal breast was taught to prove
 The whole thermometer of love.

And

And now 'twas ogling, trembling, fighting,
The voice in speechless murmurs dying;
Lock'd hands unto each other growing;
The anguish of the bosom showing
By looks that speak, and eyes that burn,
Impatient of a fond return:
In short, in each occasion seizing
To practice ev'ry art of pleasing
Which love ingenious could invent,
A day, a live-long day was spent.
The bus'ness which their subjects mince
At once is swallow'd by a prince,
Who falls in love o'er head and ears
No sooner than the fair appears,
Made of combustibles to catch
At sight of beauty, like a match.
Agnes with seeming sang-froid would
Have mask'd her feelings if she could,
But ah! the courtier's roguish eyes
Soon penetrate the thin disguise.

C

Meanwhile

Meanwhile, the young intrigue to hide,
To trusty Bonneau Charles apply'd;
A counsellor of greater pow'rs
Grac'd not the parliament of Tours;
Nor one of all the king employ'd
So much his confidence enjoy'd:
At court, where geese are swans, a post
Of such considerable boast,
No title an iota less
Than back-stairs fav'rite could express;
Which i' th' plain English of the town
As well by name of Pimp is known.
Reflected by the silver flood,
On Loire's fair banks his villa stood;
Thither Miss Agnes went by water,
Charles cloak'd in night soon follow'd a'ter.
Supper was serv'd, with choice of wine,
A scene, tho' not without design,
Yet plain, and clogg'd with no parade,
Dumb waiter Bonneau only play'd:
Compar'd to this, ye pow'rs above,
What is the nectar'd feast of Jove!

Our

Our lovers to desire a prey,
Alternate change of grave and gay;
Now in the dumps, and presto soon
In spirits to jump o'er the moon;
Besotted, and like lovers ever
Seiz'd with an intermitting fever,
Sat bandying of their am'rous glances,
Those nameless, numberless advances,
Which ev'ry sense by turns employ,
Chaste prefaces to fuller joy;
Chaste though they be, they whet desire,
And add fresh fuel to the fire.
Thus rapt the prince her charms devour'd,
And in her ears love stories pour'd,
Her sweet attention to engage;
Which, at the bottom of the page
Like notes in books, beneath the table
Their mixing knees made explicable.

The supper o'er, to the repast
Succeeded in th' Italian taste

A trio,

A trio, set so, as to suit
The hautboy, violin, and flute;
A hundred heroes lost to glory
Supplied the allegoric story,
Whom mighty love had caused to dwindle
Into mere twirlers of a spindle.
The band secluded from the eye,
The supper-room was station'd nigh:
Whilst Agnes, modestly retir'd,
Sat where she could not be admir'd,
Yet heard, invifible to all,
The mufick's ev'ry swell and fall.

'Twas midnight, and the filver moon,
Refulgent at her higheft noon,
Shed her mild radiance from above,
To gratulate the hour of love.
In a recess where art had play,
With gold and fculpture richly gay;
Where fhade had juft enough of room
For am'rous thefts to form a gloom;

And

And where, tho' not excluded quite,
Yet not obtrusive was the light,
The holland and the down disclose
Their provocations to repose;
Whose pow'r the languid fair confest,
Number'd her beads, and sunk to rest.
From this delightful scene not far,
A door commodious lay a-jar,
Which Al'ce, her maid, experienc'd flut'
On purpose, had forgot to shut.
Ye lovers 'tis for you to guess,
What I, what language can't exprefs,
(For you are judges of the matter)
The King's impatience to be at her;
His hair in careless tresses bound,
Arabia breathing all around;
Whilst on the brink of joy he stood,
And all but plung'd into the flood:
But see to take the leap he ventures,
The bed-chamber, the bed he enters.
The sequel, O! for words to utter!
Consult the heart's tumultuous flutter,

If in a moment so replete
With bliss, the heart have room to beat,
And, clogg'd with transport in the breast,
Every pulse be not suppress'd.
The conflict between love and shame
Sets all her beauties in a flame;
But shame is soon compell'd to yield,
And leave love master of the field:
And now he folds her in his arms,
Compliance melting all her charms;
His hands at liberty to stray,
And eyes to wander where they may,
Hands all impatient of controul,
And eyes that pierce the very soul;
Every outline now broke down,
Love's very citadel his own.
With hands thus privileg'd, and eyes,
Who could do less than idolize!

Beneath a neck, whose pearly light
Would shame the alabaſter's white,

The

The breasts, twin hills of love, are seen
To heave, and leave a vale between;
Their summits beautifully round,
Each with a rose-bud nipple crown'd;
Provoking, as they ceaseless move,
The eye, the hand, the lip to rove,
And ravish some transporting bliss
By balmy touch, or balmier kiss.
Fain would my pencil have portray'd
The whole of this all-beauteous maid,
And for th' embellishing my story,
Have laid her soft contour before ye;
And, for her great Creator's honour,
Without a single rag upon her.
Mix'd was my pallet to proceed,
When, frowning on the purpos'd deed,
That virtue, to whose care by Heav'n
The morals of mankind are given,
Hight decency on earth, restrain'd
The impious licence of my hand.
Where she excell'd, if you should ask,
Description faints beneath the task;

It

It were impossible to tell ye,
Whether in face, or breast, or belly,
Or in the fore parts, or the nether,
So faultless was the altogether!
But of that most extatic minute,
Oh! to have felt th' effect or seen it!
Then ev'ry feature of the charmer
Glow'd in a double ratio warmer,
In due proportion to the measure
Of giving, and receiving pleasure:
For beauty wrapp'd in many a fold
Of coy reserve, and caution cold,
Is doom'd in embrio long to lie,
Or slowly quicken on the eye:
'Tis love, 'tis pleasure must disclose,
And give at once the full-blown rose.
Such raptures three whole moons employ'd,
And not a moment unenjoy'd!
To breakfast from the couch of love,
Fatigued, not fated, they remove;
Where all which art or nature's pow'r
Supplies, lost vigour to restore;

Fresh

Fresh eggs, and marmalade, and jelly,
Eringo root, and vermicelli,
O'er the luxurious board are spread,
To give the tone requir'd for bed.
To drive the deer with hound and horn
Is the next bus'ness of the morn;
And Spanish courfers champ the rein
To bear the hunters o'er the plain.
Now pleasure takes another face,
The bath receives them from the chace;
Where washes, pastes of ev'ry scent,
Pimples to cure, or to prevent;
Circassian bloom, Olympian dew,
All that can soften, or renew:
And ev'ry perfume which exhales
From Tropic flow'rs, and Tropic gales,
Unceasingly profusion sheds,
Beneath their feet, and round their heads;
Where ev'ry clime, and season meets,
To form an atmosphere of sweets.
The dinner then with new delights
Of costly luxury invites,

Diversified in many a dish,
Of roast, and boil'd, of flesh and fish,
Of various fowl, the barn-door tame,
And wild, denominated game;
Of callypash, and callypee;
Of rich ragout, and fricassée:
With ev'ry fauce, and ev'ry pickle,
Each sense to stimulate, or tickle.
Now, from the sparkling grape of Ai,
And mellow'r juices of Tokai,
A fire is shot into the brain,
Which soon from thence distils again
In ev'ry species, and degree,
Of humour, wit, and repartee:
Whilst Bonneau on the king's bon mots
Th' incessant shout of praise bestows.
The cloth remov'd, to help digestion,
Debated is some gen'ral question;
Where pleasantry, and reason find
Employ for body, and for mind:
Smut, inuendos, jokes abound,
The titter, and the tale go round;

And

And in the various bill of fare
Scandal, and politics have share.

Whilst here some rhyming coxcomb peer,
As vain as noisy, storms your ear
His flimsy madrigals to hear.

Another, skill'd to rhyme and sing,
Fit comrade for a jolly king,
A bawdy song is heard to roar,
Till all the room is one encore.

The scene now shifts, the grave Sorbonne
Is summon'd to afford them fun,
Like mummies plaister'd to the ears
With learning of some thousand years;
And mock associates of their train,
Like them as formal, pert, and vain;
With flowing gowns, and pompous wigs,
Your dancing dogs, and learned pigs.

Close on their heels are usher'd in
Punch, Scaramouch, and Harlequin;
A tribe the lynx's eye to cozen,
And your fire-eaters by the dozen:

With

With all that's strange of plum'd, or hairy,
An Irish giant, and a fairy.
At dusk choice parties with the king
To see the play are on the wing;
For tho' the joyous day is done,
Their pleasures set not with the sun,
But on through ev'ning hours survive,
Kept by variety alive;
Till passion founds the charge anew,
And love again demands his due,
Demands the undivided right
To rule the happy couple's night;
O'er whom, his purple wings outspread,
Flung bridal roses round the bed,
Where lapt in extacy they lay,
Till wak'd by such another day.
Still they desir'd, and still enjoy'd,
By repetition never cloy'd;
No jealousies, no jars arose
To break the calm of their repose;
No languor, no disgust came near,
And the last joy was still most dear:

For

For love and time, whose pinions know
No medium, or too swift, or slow,
Such pow'r had Agnes to enslave 'em!
Just flew as fast as she would have 'em.
Oft has he panted on her breast,
Whilst lips to burning lips were prest,
The monarch thus his fair addrest:
My Agnes! idol of my soul!
Should the whole world to my controul
Submit, for thee I'd spurn the ball;
A charm of thine is worth it all.
My parliament perhaps this hour
Strips me of all my regal pow'r,
Prepar'd the Briton to obey,
And to invest him with my sway:
His be my sceptre, but of thee
Posselt I'm more a king than he.
Such words are not the most heroic,
But he must be indeed a stoic,
Whilst on a fine girl's bosom lying,
Perhaps the virgin zone untying,

By passion's furious sting inflam'd,
Who could a better speech have fram'd.

Whilst Charles, like pamper'd abbot, led
This sensual life of board and bed,
The English prince with rage unquench'd,
Keeping the field in slaughter drench'd,
His harness never off his back,
No time allow'd his boots to black;
To's head his helmet ever tied,
And dagger dangling by his side;
His vizor up, at rest his lance,
Play'd foot-ball with the pride of France.
In vain her walls, her tow'rs oppose,
They fall before him as he goes;
And bloodshed, rapine, and taxation
Mark his career with desolation.
Unchain'd the foldier's brutal rage
No quarter shews to sex or age,
But in the fight of one another
Ravish'd the daughter is, and mother:

Nay

Nay e'en the convent's sacred pale
With horrid insolence they scale;
Nor nuns, nor abbeſſes eſcape
The fury of the gen'ral rape:
Whilſt the drain'd cellars of the fri'rs
Sublime their luſt's unhallow'd fires.
Gilt ſaints with ſacrilegious hand
Are all denuded, and profan'd;
And, what of ſins the greateſt ſin is,
The gold is melted down to guineas.
The bleſſed Virgin and her Son
They treat alike, and piſs upon:
Whate'er is holy they abuſe,
And turn cathedrals into mews.
Thus when the wolves, athirſt for blood,
And almoſt famiſhing for food,
Upon the weak defenceleſs fold
Sate their fury uncontroul'd,
At diſtance Colin in the mead,
And full of love alone his head,
With nothing to diſturb his ſleep,
Not e'en a dream of wolves or ſheep,

Sunk

Sunk on his sheperdes's breast
Enjoys the luxury of rest:
Whilst off his post, and like his master
Regardless of the fell disaster,
His supper eating fits the dog,
And thinks of nothing but his prog.

Now, from his bright abode on high,
Beyond the ken of mortal eye,
Where, all his earthly troubles over,
He fatten'd with the faints in clover,
Good Denis, who once fill'd the birth
Of preacher to our fires on earth,
Slunk to a corner from his mess,
To weep his country's sad distress;
Blood, fire, and havock o'er her plains,
Her very capital in chains:
And, shameful! the most Christian king
Tied to a wench's apron string;
Regarding not a single jot,
If all the nation went to pot,

So

So he could whet upon her kisses,
His passion for more sensual blisses.
Now, this same Denis was to France
What Mars was to the Romans once;
Or, as Minerva was the same
To Athens, when she had a name:
With only this prodigious odds,
One saint's worth all the heathen gods!

Ah! by this fainted head, says he,
'Tis not the thing, not just to see
The downfall of that empire, where
The standard of the cross to rear
I took such pains, and such pains taken,
Hop'd that it never could be shaken.
O! house of Valois doom'd to moan
The lilies fading round thy throne!
I know thy perils, and my heart
In all thy mis'ries takes a part.
How can I then stand neutral by,
And suffer that beneath my eye

G

Th'

Th' imperious brothers of Fifth Harry
Should every thing before them carry?
A lawless, half-sav'd, ruffian crew
Thy royal rejections pursue:
Bare-bottom'd turn thy sons adrift,
And leave thy daughters scarce a shift.
I hate, altho' a faint in heav'n,
(And may I for it be forgiv'n)
These Britons I have cause to hate,
For looking o'er the book of fate
If right I read, the time will come
When trampling on the rights of Rome,
This reasoning, this rebellious folk,
Impatient of her holy yoke,
Her bulls and pardons shall deride,
All her authority deny'd:
Her annals with contempt shall tear,
And burn his Popeship once a year.
This embryo, this unquicken'd crime
That's forming in the womb of time;
This sacrilegious insult cries
For instant vengeance to the skies:

A moment then let's not delay
To chace these British dogs away;
But punish home, but punish now,
Taking the menace for the blow;
And that by stratagem so new,
Which their posterity may rue:
So France shall Catholic remain,
Spite of these heretics in grain.

Whilst thus the saint of the French nation,
Larding his beads with execration,
His venom to himself was spitting,
In Orleans was a council fitting,
To fix upon some speedy measure,
To save themselves, their town and treasure,
On which the foe so closely press'd,
That nothing could be more distress'd:
The members, always as the case is,
Vary'ng in humours, as in faces,
Oglie of counsellors and lords,
These all for blows, and those for words,

Wail'd

Wail'd their misfortunes several ways,
The self-same tune to diff'rent keys:
But, "what, alas! then can be done!"
Their chorus was in unison.
Poton, La Hire, and Dunois first
The fetters of debate to burst,
Biting their nails, and out of breath,
Cry'd on to conquest, or to death;
Hear nothing but our country's call,
Bravely to fight, and bravely fall!
Dammee, quoth Richmond, I must own
I think it best to burn the town;
And throw ourselves into the fire,
Making one glorious fun'ral pyre:
Then, when these English come to spoil,
And cut our throats, for all their toil
It were a most heroic joke,
To leave them nothing but our smoke.
Alas! said Trimouille, blubb'ring, why
At Poictou born, ye Fates was I?
At Milan all that's dear I've left,
Of all in Dorothy bereft:

To

To Orleans from her arms I came,
And quitted happiness for fame.
Fain would I, but I cannot fight;
Despair the hero puts to flight;
And must I in cold blood be slain,
And never see my love again!
Next Lovet, who in all men's eyes
The reputation had of wise,
Whose rank, and venerable air
Justly had rais'd him to the chair;
With fallies of the soul at strife,
For form a stickler all his life,
Urg'd, that due method be pursu'd
In bus'ness of such magnitude
As that of city almost sack'd;
That parliament should pass an act,
Or proclamation issue out
Against this English rebel rout,
Which might, with force of canon balls,
Be fulminated from our walls.
Lovet was, true, an able clerk,
But here he widely miss'd his mark:

H

Or,

Or, to his own sad case a stranger,
His brain engross'd with public danger,
Could he at home have smelt a rat,
He would have first begun with that;
And all his counsels had been bent
Against my Lady President.
For, Talbot, under whose command
Was led the fierce besieging band,
Her charms to rifle was on fire;
Nor less inflam'd he her desire:
Whose gallant form, and roast-beef size
Had not escap'd her lick'rish eyes!
The object of her waking theme!
The vision of her melting dream!
But her poor man upon his brows
Felt nothing, but his country's woes;
With the stone's cruel anguish torn,
Who heeds the shooting of a corn?
In such a council! so compos'd!
What sense, what virtue was disclos'd!
So much with public good was hung,
And amor patriæ ev'ry tongue!

But

But chief above the rest, La Hire
With more than patriot zeal on fire
Was eloquent, that, strange to tell!
'Tho' he talk'd much, he yet talk'd well.
Whilst here they ceas'd, as they begun,
(For all was talk, but nothing done:)
Sudden! a something in the air,
They through the window saw appear!
When hors'd upon a solar ray,
A phantom, brighter than the day,
Strait cleaves the vault of heav'n profound,
A faintly odour shedding round,
That through the pathless firmament,
You might have track'd it by the scent:
Some stall-fed prelate, by his nose
Of carbuncle, and cheek of rose!
With gold resplendent shone his mitre,
Made by a circling glory brighter;
Whilst on the bosom of the wind
His sacred vestments flow'd behind;
A blaze of more than mortal grace
Irradiated his heav'nly face;

His

His bending neck the scarf betray'd,
The past'ral staff his hand display'd,
In form and dignity, of yore
Like that which Roman augurs bore.
Trimouille, at what he scarcely fees,
Was first to fall upon his knees,
And pray with seeming so devout,
So much of piety without!
Who, canting lecher! was within
A mere hot bed of ev'ry sin.
Undaunted Richmond, heart of steel,
No qualms, or horrors apt to feel;
Whose impious and blaspheming tongue
With oaths of bloodiest nature rung;
Bawl'd out, damnation! blast my eyes!
It is the Devil in disguise,
Come from the farthest verge of hell,
By all this curst sulphureous smell:
With Lucifer a tete-a-tete
Would be a most delicious treat.
With holy water, like a shot,
Old Lovet flies to fill his pot.

Poton,

Poton, La Hire, and Dunois gaz'd,
All three, with goggle eyes amaz'd;
Whilst their attendants quite astound
Lay flat as pancakes on the ground.
The phantom seeing how they were frighted,
Soft from his sun-beam nag alighted,
And having with parental feeling
Excus'd their crosing and their kneeling;
When he had wav'd his hands, and bless'd 'em,
With accents bland he thus address'd 'em:

Be not, my children, thus afraid,
Denis I am, a saint by trade;
I lov'd this France, for up I brought her,
And erst her catechism taught her;
Then what must be my grief to find her
Reduc'd almost unto a cinder:
And see, what to endure is harder,
My darling Charly disregard her,
Who, for a pair of filly bubbies,
So shockingly deprav'd the cub is!

I

Will

Will risque the loss of crown, and nation,
Will risque the loss of his salvation.
To day I combat in her cause,
To ev'ry man, who zealous draws
The sword on France's side a friend,
Their pangs, their miseries to end.
There's not an ill, as sages write,
But cur'd is by its opposite;
Now if my Charly for a whore
Will give up France, and what is more
His honour, I'm resolv'd to try
If I can't change his destiny;
And mean to owe the potent charm
To nothing but a Virgin's arm.
Then if you think of e'er possessing
The love of heav'n, and its blessing,
If yet the French and Christian name,
Remain your boast, and not your shame;
If you've unquench'd one spark of zeal
Or, for your King's, or, country's weal,
I charge all present to a man,
In person to do all you can;

And

And on all others to prevail,
That they be ready, tooth and nail,
To follow me, fans more requesting,
All o'er the country a bird's nesting,
To try what happy region yields
Th' Arabia where this phoenix builds.
The faint his errand thus declar'd,
Whilst all his audience at him star'd,
Who, thinking it a curfed bore,
Of laughter burst into a roar!
Richmond, of raillery the zest,
An hum'rist from the very breast;
Who'd rather lose his life than joke,
Thus gibingly the faint bespoke;
Good Mr. Saint now, prithee, say
Why would you leave the realms of day,
To lose your labour and your time,
In ransacking this sinful clime
For such a gem! so rare! so priz'd!
(You surely must be ill advis'd)
Which gain'd, if I may speak my mind,
I fear, old Greybeard, you would find,

Itself

Itself so giv'n to surrender,
Of town besieg'd a poor defender:
Besides why here your search begin
Amongst the rakings of all sin,
When you have such a choice supply
Of these same virgin things on high;
More num'rous than the lights which glare
At Rome, or at Loretto are?
But here to seek them is a farce,
An Otho is not half so scarce.
Of this commodity thy land,
Alas! poor France! has long been drain'd:
What with our red-coats and cockades,
Guileless of ev'ry blood, but maid's;
Rank lechery in grave disguise
At visitation, or affize;
Our princes, and their pamper'd train,
Of lust and riot only vain,
A sterling maidenhead is not
For love, or money to be got;
And bastards more abundant now
Than orphans of their making grow.

Then

Then if you wish to interpose
This fav'rite nostrum for our woes,
Sir Saint, I'd have you change your route
To find the rare specific out.

The faint with indignation heard,
Blushing reprov'd, and disappear'd;
Then mounting, spurr'd his solar steed,
And swift through ether wing'd his speed,
With all the ardour of a lover
His search pursuing, to discover
If in all space's ample bound
This gem of gems was to be found.

The END of the FIRST CANTO.

THE FIRST CANTO.

Then if you wish to answer
This fair request for our work
Oh saint, I'd have you change your tone
To find the man for the soul
The same with his own hand
I bring to you, and display'd;
Then in my heart, I find the soul
And with through what wind his seed,
With all the power of a lover
His much parting, to be over
He will give a simple hand
This part of your work to be found.

The First Canto.

T H E
M A I D O F O R L E A N S.

T H E S E C O N D C A N T O .

The Saint arms Joan from top to toe ;
Together then to Tours they go
To seek the King where he abode :
What Joan atchiev'd upon the road :
And how her Maidenhead was tried,
Admitted of, and certified.

HAPPY a hundred fold the swain
Who can a maidenhead obtain !
Great blessing ! but a greater much
I deem the skill a heart to touch,
And, all responsive, bid it move
In soft accord of mutual love !
For under heav'n if perfect blifs
Has any residence, 'tis this.

B

The

The virgin rose with finger rude,
Ah! what avails it, harsh and crude
From the tenacious stalk to pull,
Which 'tis for love alone to cull;
Whose touch the yielding flowret meets
Opening the bosom of it's sweets.
Yet with their glosses this plain text
Your learned casuists have perplexed,
Who hold that pleasure is too free
With duty's rigour to agree:
But, to correct this gross abuse,
A thund'ring volume I'll produce;
To prove that virtue but requires
A regulation of desires;
That duty, and a well-spent life
With pleasure never are at strife:
But rather that they are such friends,
That all her worth on them depends.
I know St. Denis from the skies
Will bless the noble enterprise;

And

And will, in gratitude, his poet
Support and aid him to go through it.
Mean while my readers I'll acquaint
How sped th' adventure of the Saint.

Where, near the borders of Champagne,
By many a blazon'd post Lorraine
Is mark'd, there stands an ancient town,
But heretofore of small renown ;
Tho' now the brightness of her glory
Merit the rank it bears in story.
For thence proceeded the salvation
Of France's liliés and her nation.
To celebrate Dom-Remy's praise
Let all the nine unite their lays ;
And hand her down from age to age,
Immortal in the tuneful page.
Dom-Remy, tho' the steril soil
With no rich produce pay thy toil ;
No citron groves, no golden mines ;
No grapes which bleed with costly wines :

Yet treasures greater far than those
To thee the Gallick nation owes,
Joan's birth-place owes, for there her fight
Drank the first vital beam of light.
Up to a parson of the place,
A quondam monk, her fire they trace ;
Bed, board, and pray'r, where'er he came
Confess'd the fervor of his flame :
Nor lack'd his zealous labour fruits,
In furnishing for heav'n recruits.
A strapping chambermaid, we're told,
Was the supremely favour'd mould
Through which the holy fusion past,
This charming Amazon to cast,
The fury of whose vengeful steel
The conq'ring Britons learn'd to feel.
And now her memoirs to begin,
At Vaucouleur's most sorry inn,
Tending a stable at sixteen,
The fair adventurer is seen ;

And

And e'en already had her name
Fill'd all the Canton with it's fame :
Tho' boldness clothe her daring brow,
Ingenuous modesty's seen through ;
Her front displays two sparkling eyes,
For blackness not less fam'd than size ;
Whilst to contrast the shining jet,
Of two and thirty teeth a set
In pearl-white corresponding rows,
Pride of the mouth ! her lips disclose,
Those vermil lacings of that breach
Which seems from ear to ear to reach,
And yet where rose bud freshness dwells
In ev'ry charm that pouts and swells.
Her bubbies brown, but firm as rock,
Tempt the cockade, the robe, and frock ;
For nimbleness she yields to none,
Which by her strength is still outdone ;
The flaggons which she daily scours
Proclaim the wine she draws and pours,

And yet, untir'd to every call
Of customers she waits on all,
From the mechanick to the peer,
'Tis, "coming sir," and "Joan is here."
If it should chance, that in the streets
Some rash impertinent she meets,
To feel her naked neck or thigh
That swells provoking to the eye,
Whose hand with indiscretion strays,
Her fist the insolence repays ;
Cheerful she works, and to deceive,
Her labour, laughs from morn till eve :
Through the groom's part alike she hurries,
The horses waters, feeds, and curries ;
And on their backs, without a saddle,
Mounts with a Roman soldier's straddle.

O ! depth unfathom'd ! Pow'r divine !
Supreme Intelligence, 'tis thine

The

The pride of greatness to confound,
And raise the lowly from the ground :
For what, short-sighted mortals ! we
Call mighty, is but small with thee ;
And what, as little, we despise,
Finds estimation in thy eyes.
Thy servant Denis, when he went
Upon his heav'nly mission bent,
Pray'd entrance at no palace gate
Where Princesses are mew'd in state ;
To knock, and wait, 'twas vain he knew,
My Lady Dutcheffes, on you :
No, Denis took another road
To find virginity's abode,
Call'd at a paltry inn and sought it,
And seeking found ; who could have thought it ?
'Twas time th' apostle should with Joan
Be quick, and leave unturn'd no stone,
The publick else 'twixt rack and manger
Had suffer'd the extreme of danger,

Satan being ever on the watch
His opportunities to catch ;
For had the faint, upon his way
Arriv'd, from unforeseen delay,
A moment later than he did,
To France good night you might have bid.
A Cordelier (the prince of sin
Would have it so) at this same inn
Then lodg'd, Roc Grisbourdon by name,
With Chandos who from England came,
By Joan's soft beauties was he mov'd,
Whom as his country dear he lov'd ;
Of his fraternity the flow'r,
He had a mission for each hour ;
Was preacher, confessor, and spy,
And deeply read in forcery,
An adept in that mystic lore
In Egypt so renown'd of yore
By Persian Magi so esteem'd,
Of which so high the Hebrews deem'd,

The

The boast of every antient sage,
But lost in this degen'rate age.

As o'er his caballistic books
Intent the am'rous conj'rer looks,
He starts to find he had to moan
His country's enemy in Joan ;
That she between her virgin thighs
The French and English destinies
Beneath short petticoats conceal'd,
To none but Magic's eye reveal'd:
Encourag'd by his mystick pow'r,
He by his order's cincture swore,
By all that's good, by all that's evil,
Swore by St. Francis, and the devil,
That Joan should to his will incline ;
“ Then, when the fair Palladium's mine,
“ I shall have means,” says he, “ to crown
“ My country's wishes, and my own.”

D

A clown

A clown unletter'd, to the maid
Just then his blunt addreses paid,
Prepar'd to vindicate his suit,
And the illustrious palm dispute ;
A match for any cordelier !
For know he was a muleteer,
Whose constant study and delight
It was, at morn, at noon and night,
By ceaseless services to prove
His ardour, his excess of love.
Occasion sweet, and like condition,
Allow no room for competition,
But o'er the damsel soon prevail,
And in his favour turn the scale ;
Yet though she lov'd him, maiden shame
Still triumph'd o'er her growing flame,
Which in intelligible rays
Out at her tell-tale eyes would blaze ;
Distinctly, in whose ev'ry roll,
The very bottom of the soul

The monk could read, and saw, more clear
Than she, what love had written there.

To seek his rival then he posted,
Whom thus he plausibly accosted :

“ Puissant hero! whose vast sway

“ So many subject mules obey ;

“ No doubt, illustrious chief, but you

“ Merit the maid, to have your due ;

“ But I, like you, have felt love’s dart,

“ To Joan devoted is my heart

“ Fervent as are your vows, then see

“ No mean competitor in me ;

“ Each other’s bugbear, ’tis for us

“ A madness to continue thus,

“ When setting rivalry aside,

“ We better might the spoil divide ;

“ This dainty tidbit, if we’re friends,

“ May serve to answer both our ends,

“ Which, if we still continue foes,

“ We, in disputing it, may lose.

“ Conduct

" Conduct me instant to the bed
" Where the lov'd fair reclines her head ;
" I'll call that Demon to my aid,
" Whose poppies scatter'd o'er the maid,
" Shall wrap her beauties in a trance,
" And lock up ev'ry sense at once ;
" Then o'er the maiden when asleep
" We'll love's alternate vigils keep."

The Friar then his conj'ring book
Strait from his sacred girdle took ;
Invok'd the Demon, which of yore,
The well-known name of Morpheus bore ;
The Gallic nation to this day
Admits this heavy Demon's sway :
When advocates are hoarse with pleading,
And lectures on Cujacius reading,
Protracted to the morning hour,
The snoring audience feel his pow'r ;

Constant

Constant at ev'ning sermons, where
Young Massillons fatigue the ear
With their divisions and citations,
Their sense-perplexing explanations;
With their three heads and poor pretence
Of common-place-book eloquence,
The sprite is often seen to nod,
E'en in the very house of God :
Frequenting theatres at nights,
Where he invariably delights
At lack of pathos, or of wit,
To gape with critics in the pit.
To car of ebon, thus invok'd,
A pair of owls the Demon yok'd,
And through the murky shades of night
Slow rises gaping to the light ;
With his eyes shut he gropes about,
His weight o'er Joan extending out,
And breathing stupifies her breast
With all the lethargy of rest ;

E

So

So Girard, lech'rous monk ! they say,
Low at his feet whilst Cadieré lay
All penitent, and in his ear
Whisper'd her sins with many a tear,
Insinuated vapours foul
O'er her confession-melted soul :
With swarms of devils teem'd the spell,
And left behind a little hell.

Our two gallants, whilst tranc'd she lay,
To anxious wakefulness a prey,
And all impatient to begin
The game, had stripp'd her to the skin ;
But for first innings they apply
To the decision of the die,
At which upon her breast they play ;
The forc'rer throws and wins the day,
Whom well such fortune might betide,
Having the devil on his side.
Eager the monk now seiz'd upon
The beauteous stake which he had won,

And

And was proceeding to the fact
Of urging ownership's last act,
When Joan miraculous revives,
And Denis in the nick arrives.
Heav'ns! how a sinner quakes with fear,
Let a saint's shadow but appear!
Our rivals take them to their heels,
Whilst each within his bosom feels
The painful conflict 'twixt the will
And terror of committing ill.
Whoe'er at bawdy-house has been,
Must there undoubtedly have seen,
By midnight rioting alarm'd,
With warrant, staff, and lanthorn arm'd,
An officer to whom the nation
Commits the peace's conversation,
Hight Constable, break open doors,
When a young nest of little whores,
Half naked, and with fear half dead,
In wild disorder leap from bed,

And scamp'ring into corners run,
This dreadful magistrate to shun,
Not less confusion or affright
Impell'd our letchers to their flight.
Ere scarcely breath the maid had ta'en,
All trembling from th' attempt profane,
Denis consolingly draws near,
And thus becalms her ev'ry fear :
" Vessel elect ! by thy pure hand,
" On all th' oppressors of this land
" Vengeance the King of kings to take,
" The phial of his wrath shall shake ;
" And drive, confusion in their train,
" These bloody Britons home again :
" Thus Heav'n ordains, whose breath has pow'r
" The tree of Libanus to low'r,
" And bid the reed from bed of mire
" Up to the cedar's height aspire,
" Has power old ocean's fount to drain,
" And level mountains to a plain ;

Can

" Can raze this universal frame,
 " And on the ruins build the fame.
 " Thy steps with thunder shall resound,
 " Terror shall compass thee around,
 " And victory shall from on high
 " To paths of glory point thine eye;
 " Then be thy humble toils dismiss,
 " Of heroes haste to swell the list :
 " To my prophetic voice attend,
 " And follow me thy guide and friend.

At this discourse so energetic,
 So terrible, and so pathetic !
 Above the academic style,
 Joan, almost petrified the while,
 Star'd, and agape all mouth appear'd,
 Thinking 'twas Heathen Greek she heard ;
 When suddenly of grace a ray
 Darts through her mind resistless day :
 Till, inspiration all ! her frame
 So glows with the celestial flame,

F

That

That in her eyes are seen to roll
The martial light'nings of her soul,
And in her hero-kindled mien,
No trace of menial Joan is seen :
Thus with some churl 'tis known to fare
Whom a rich miser makes his heir ;
Chang'd to a palace is his cot,
Chang'd are his manners with his lot ;
The bashful look is thrown aside
For superciliousness, and pride ;
The great, surpriz'd, his state admire,
The little, cringing, call him squire.

Now, that th' adventure might proceed
With all imaginable speed,
Denis and Joan without delay
To church devoutly bend their way ;
Where, on the highest altar rear'd,
Of armour new a suit appear'd

To

To the astonish'd maiden's eye,
Which from the arsenals on high,
Where for the purpose it was wrought,
Th' archangel Michael then had brought ;
There many a story was pourtray'd,
In sculpture rich, or gold inlaid,
There foremost and in radiant sheen
The helm of Deborah was seen ;
The fate of Sisera the mail
Next spoke, in Joel's vengeful nail ;
In equal style, and order due,
Next then succeeded to the view
The stone, with which the shepherd swain
Dash'd out the great Goliah's brain ;
Then the jawbone of mighty note,
With which his foes great Samson smote,
Samson, when by his mistress sold,
Whom no inglorious bonds could hold ;
The blade then with which Judith, she
Renown'd for sacred perfidy !

To

To whom a privilege was giv'n
To murder and to whore by heav'n,
E'en in enjoyments reeking bed
Cut off her sleeping lover's head,
Joan, lost in wild amaze, is now
Arm'd cap-a-pee from top to toe,
And moves a heroine to the fight,
In panoply divinely bright,
Whose formidable plate displays
Nail, flint, jawbone, and all the blaze
Of heav'n-engrav'd etceteras.
Each step, each motion now she tries,
And goes through all her exercise;
To right, and left about she turns,
Then marches, and for glory burns.

A heroine's of no account,
Till she has got a horse to mount;
A courser unsupplied alone
Was the appendage lack'd by Joan:

She therefore begs her only want
The forr'wing muleteer would grant.
When straight an afs in waiting stands
A candidate for her commands;
With such a skin! and such a bray!
This so sonorous! that so gray!
With saddle, and with bridle on,
Array'd in full caparison;
With all the tricks of the manege,
Pawing the ground in martial rage,
Like that which fires the Thracian steed,
Or one of England's nobler breed.
Wings from this afs's shoulders grew,
With which the creature often flew:
Thus Pegasus nine virgins bore
Up to the cloven hill of yore;
Or thus the hypogriff, who trying
To reach up to the moon by flying,
Set down Aftolpho by the way,
A visit to St. John to pay.

G

I know

I know my readers are agog
 To hear more of this wing'd incog.
 Who now solicits to be rode
 By Joan, ambitious of the load ;
 Be sure a future page shall show
 What they so curious are to know.
 Mean while let not this mystic ass
 Without due veneration pass.

Joan mounted on her Grizzle's back,
 And Denis on his sun-beam hack,
 Now seek the banks of Loire, to bring
 The hopes of vict'ry to the king :
 The ass now trots with gentle pace,
 Now cleaves sublime th' ethereal space,
 Afferts his pinions, and his race.
 The Cordelier indulging still
 The means to gratify his will,

His late adventure now got o'er,
Applies to forcery once more,
And bids the muleteer to prove
The station of the beast he drove ;
Mounts on his back, and whips, and rides,
Swearing, as still he spurs his sides,
That nature's boundaries alone
Shall stop him from pursuing Joan :
The driver, in his mule conceal'd,
No mortifying signs reveal'd,
But thus accoutred, and thus mounted,
Much of his better bargain counted,
Who scarce the transmigration felt,
Within a foul so grov'ling dwelt !
The faint and maid now steer for Tours,
Where the king, plung'd in his amours,
The carnival of pleasure kept,
And to the cares of empire slept :
But, Orleans passing near, they light,
And traverse Britain's camp by night,

Where

Where, after the immoderate use
Of the rich grape's o'erpow'ring juice,
Drench'd in excess the army lay,
And slept their drunkenness away :
Down from the leader of the host,
E'en to the sentry on his post,
They all were drunk as wine could make 'em,
Nor drums, nor trumpets could awake 'em.
Here one within his tent was found,
Steaming quite naked on the ground ;
Extended o'er his page, another
Lay snoring in a drunken smother.
Then Denis with paternal tone,
And low, thus held discourse with Joan :
" My child, that thou should'st know 'tis right,
" How, as it might be now, by night,
" With his Euryalus's aid,
" Great havock daring Nifus made,
" When nightly Turnus camp of yore
" He crimson'd with Rutulian gore :

The

" The tents of Rhesus let me tell
" How a like a dreadful fate befell ;
" What feats, by Tydeus warlike son,
" And sage of Ithaca, were done,
" Without the risque of danger running ;
" (Thanks to the force alone of cunning ;)
" When many a Trojan, in his bed
" Finding a grave untimely, bled.
" No less a victory for thee,
" The time alike, and place decree ;
" Speak then, and say, if thou incline
" To make the proffer'd glory thine?"

The maid replies, " Unlearn'd am I

" In this fame thing call'd history ;
" Yet would I deem my courage small
" On such as cannot fight to fall ;
" With unheroic step to creep
" And murder folk who are asleep :"

This having said, among the tents
The moonlight to her eye presents

One of more note, which seem'd to be
That of some chief, or young marquis ;
Such wines ! so many proofs appear
Of luxury and costly cheer !
Without a wherefore, or, a why,
Joan seiz'd the ruins of a pie,
Of which a fliver she devours,
And after many a bumper pours,
Which pledg'd in ev'ry brimming cup
Good master Denis follow'd up,
With equal number, equal joy,
Altho' a faint, to *Vive le Roi*.

The tent was Chandos's, who then
Slept like most other drunken men,
But who, when sober, and awake,
A lion by the beard would take :
Joan seizes his redoubted blade,
And breeches of cut velvet made.

Thus

Thus David, after God's own heart
The man, perform'd a glorious part,
Who, on a time, when Saul he'd got
Into a corner, slew him not,
But with his knife alone the skirt
Cut off, of either coat or shirt ;
A proof, your mighty ones to shew,
Of what he might, but scorn'd to do.
Hard by a stripling page appears,
But ripe, and fledg'd beyond his years,
Of which the boy had only seen
The beardless number of fourteen ;
Two globes behind attract the eyes,
Of form voluptuous, and size,
Which downy as his mother's dove,
Had not disgrac'd the god of love :
With writing furniture supplied
An escritoir stood by his side,
Whither the youth, by wine inspir'd,
To woo the muses oft retir'd,

In

In tuneful lays when he addrest
The fair seducer of his breast.
Joan sketch'd with ink, in quaint design,
The arms of France below his chine,
A fundamental proof to be
Of the triumphant *fleurs de lys*;
Which such effect had on the saint,
That he, for joy, was like to faint.
But how was Chandos then surpriz'd,
Whom the next morn had soberiz'd!
Quite thunderstruck, and mad with rage,
He sees th' inscription on his page,
Which whisper'd to his boding mind,
That there was treason in the wind:
To seek his sword, the bed around
In vain he runs, no sword is found!
Still worse, alas! what shall he do?
Gone is his velvet breeches too!
He rubs, and rubs his eyes, to know
If yet he was awake or no;

Of wonder, and resentment full,
 Then stamps and roars like any bull ;
 Persuaded, that o'er night old Nick
 Ent'ring the camp, had play'd this trick.
 Oh ! for the beam which Denis strode,
 And winged as the virgin rode,
 How swift with such a pair of cattle
 A man around the world would rattle !
 With such advantage to befriend,
 They soon were at their journey's end :
 At court the prelate was aware
 How giv'n to raillery they are,
 To turn things sacred to a jest ;
 Which his experience could attest :
 For Richmond's insolence of tongue
 Too fresh upon his mem'ry hung,
 To tempt him to expose again
 The saint to such a ribald vein ;
 Then, for the credit of his cloth,
 Which Denis to expose was loth ;

Wild

I

Another

Another character he tries,
And takes old Baudricour's disguise,
A cath'lick stout, and gallant knight,
Who spoke his sentiments downright,
For truth and loyalty renown'd,
And yet at court maintain'd his ground.

Thus mask'd, he to the prince address'd
The honest feelings of his breast :

“ Heav'ns ! that to indolence a prey,
“ My prince should languish life away,
“ Shrunken from th' extent of his command
“ Into a corner of his land !
“ How long in love's disgraceful chain
“ A royal slave will you remain ;
“ Will not the hero's arm at length
“ Break through the spell that blasts its strength ?
“ Shame that the myrtle and the rose
“ Ingloriously should wreath your brows,
“ Form'd for the diadem's embrace,
“ Which laurels are at hand to grace ;

“ Whilst

“ Whilst tame spectator you permit
“ Your deadliest enemy to fit
“ The proud usurper of your throne,
“ And wear your abdicated crown!
“ Go seek a grave to hide your shame,
“ Or else, to vindicate your fame,
“ To conquest go, and dare regain
“ The ravish’d glories of your reign :
“ That pow’r which now my courage fires,
“ Whose voice my confidence inspires,
“ By me now calls you to the field,
“ And there from harm your life will shield,
“ Your pious cares dispos’d to bless,
“ And crown your valour with success,
“ Be your own succour, dare to trust,
“ Or let this Amazon august
“ Direct your steps, and in her own
“ Th’ ally, the guardian of your throne ;
“ The King of Kings will by her pow’r
“ Our laws, our government restore ;

" Join you to rout this English brood,
 " These sons of rapine and of blood.
 " Rouse then, and if the fates decree
 " That you must led by woman be
 " Be firm, be wise, renounce the one
 " In whose soft arms you are undone,
 " To follow this avenging maid,
 " And prove you worthy of her aid."

A king of France, with all his vices,
 To guard his honour very nice is,
 A fund of which within his breast
 Our lover unimpair'd possess'd;
 No sooner had the vet'ran spoke
 Than the legathic spell was broke:
 As when the last day from the sky,
 The messenger of the Most High
 Shall with his dreadful trumpet make
 The corners of the earth to shake,
 Shall burst the tomb, and bid the clay
 Reanimated spring to day,

Charles

Charles starts, and glows with new alarms,
Replies not, but, To arms ! to arms !
War only now affords delight,
His lance he takes, and burns for fight.

But, the first fit of frenzy over,
He wishes coolly to discover
Whether the fierce advent'rous dame
From heav'n or hell commision'd came :
If as a miracle, or cheat,
This new-come champion he should treat :
Then, turning to the haughty fair,
The king, with a majestick air,
And voice which would have with it's tone
Confounded any maid but Joan,
" Lift, on your peril, now declare,
" Joan, if a maid or not you are ?"
To whom the maid, " Most gracious fire,
" If you a proof of it require,

K

" Your

"Your college of Physicians call,

"And rouse Apothecary's Hall,

"Bring pedants, clerks, and matrons round,

"These female mysteries to sound,

"Who, if the virgin test they know,

"May turn me up and grope below :"

The king no other proof requir'd

That she was certainly inspir'd.

"But come," says he, "as you, my dear,

"Are deeply gifted, let me hear,

"Come speak out boldly, as you're bid,

"What to my love last night I did?"

"Why then, if out it must," says she,

"Nothing, an't please your majesty."

Unable to express his feeling,

To crossing of himself, and kneeling

The monarch falls, and all surprise,

A miracle! he loudly cries.

The

The Faculty are now at hand,
Waiting his majesty's command,
A tribe of consequential prigs
Swelt'ring beneath their muffs, and wigs,
Come to determine on the maid,
Who naked was before them laid;
Whom when the President had ey'd,
Into each hole, and corner pry'd,
In attestation of the knowledge
By him discover'd, and the College,
And to record her virgin state,
He signs the maid's certificate.
Proud of the parchment which contain'd
Proof of the honour she had gain'd,
And now grown statelier in her paces,
Joan wheeling round, the monarch faces;
Her night-won trophy she displays,
And dropping on her knees, she says,
" Great master, suffer that this hand
" May dare avenge thy groaning land,

" If thou approve, thy servant will
" The oracles divine fulfill ;
" And for't my valour and the edge
" Of this good sword, I here will pledge,
" By which, and what is still more dear,
" By my virginity I swear,
" As Heav'n may keep it long unspoil'd,
" That thou at Rheims shalt soon be oil'd ;
" That thou shalt scatter and confound
" Thy foes, which compass Orleans round :
" Haste to accomplish fate's decree,
" Fly Tours, and let me follow thee."

A crowd of courtiers round her press,
Encourage her, admire, and bless ;
And now to Heav'n, and now to Joan
Their eyes alternately are thrown :
From many a mouth, whene'er she speaks,
A shout of joy the welkin breaks,

Which

Which Echo catching from the throng,
Is pleas'd officious to prolong.
There's not a warrior of them all,
In her defence who would not fall,
Who would not emulous aspire
To bear her lance and be her squire ;
Nor is there one in all the crowd,
Who would not equally be proud,
The maid, of what with so much toil
She hitherto had kept, to spoil.
And now the officers one fees,
Brisk, on the point to march, like bees,
One, ere from quarters he remove,
Hangs in sad farewell o'er his love ;
To Cent per Cent his empty purse
Another runs to reimburse ;
This begs his host would not delay
The reck'ning which he cannot pay.
The standard then, which blaz'd with gold,
Denis gives orders to unfold,

L

At

At sight of which the king is fir'd
With valour, as with hope inspir'd :
This ensign which unfolded glows
The pride of kings ! and dread of foes !
This warlike slaughter-breathing lass !
This wond'rous beast her winged ass !
All all conspire to fan the flame,
And promise palms of endless fame.

Denis, from what in mind was fresh
Of what he suffer'd in the flesh,
A charitable wish discovers
To spare the parting of the lovers ;
For, by experience, well he knew
The anguish of a last adieu :
What bitter tears it would have cost :
What precious moments had been lost !

Agnes, though late, indulg'd the pow'r
Of sleep beyond her usual hour ;

Of separation not a fear,
To interrupt her rest, came near,
But flatt'ring visions round her flew,
Reviv'd old joys, and held out new:
She thinks she holds within her arms
The much-lov'd captive of her charms;
Illusion all! the faint by force
Compels him to a sad divorce.
Some skill'd physician thus, in town,
The pamper'd Alderman ties down
To regimen of water gruel!
Ah! how inexorably cruel!
And still, judiciously severe,
To each remonstrance bars his ear;
The appetite rebels in vain,
He still commands him to abstain
From the green fat inviting treat,
O'er which his glutton brethren sweat.

Scarce from his darling vice the king
Denis had torn, than on the wing

To

To his virago ward he flies,
His sweetening maid, without disguise
His love, his counsel to impart,
And pour before her all his heart;
But first resumes his sacred air,
His tone devout, and lank short hair,
Staff, ring, and cross, a faint confest,
In all his holy trappings drest!
“Go then,” says he, “my charming maid,
“Thy king, thy country claims thy aid:
“Go prosper, for o’er all thy ways
“My eye benign shall shed its rays:
“But with the warrior laurel twine
“Chaste virtue’s amaranth divine,
“And let in thee, with union sweet,
“The vestal and the heroine meet.
“To Orleans I’ll thy footsteps guide,
“Unseen will combat by thy side;
“Whilst, leader of this miscreant train,
“Talbot, inflated ev’ry vein

“With

“ With lust, shall think himself secure
“ Of Madame Prefidente impure ;
“ E’en in enjoyments lap he shall
“ Beneath thy arm victorious fall :
“ Punish his crime, but thou avoid
“ The guilt in him to be destroy’d ;
“ Let piety an equal reign
“ With courage in thy breast maintain.
“ I go, adieu, but ere I seal
“ My farewell kifs, forgive my zeal,
“ If still I urge my first great care ;
“ Mind—of thy maidenhead beware !”
Joan swore her patron to obey,
Whilst he to Heav’n retrac’d his way.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

M

"With huff, shall think himself secure
 "Of Madame's presence; impure;
 "Even in enjoyment lap he shall
 "Beneath thy sun victorious fall;
 "Punish his crime, but thou avoid
 "The guilt in him to be destroy'd;
 "Let piety an equal reign
 "With courage in thy breast maintain;
 "I go, adieu; but ere I leave
 "My farewell kiss, forgive my scalp;
 "If still I urge my great care
 "Mind--of thy maidens' bewail;
 "Joan swore her patron to obey;
 "While he to Heaven retraced his way.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

THE
MAID OF ORLEANS.

THE THIRD CANTO.

Which treats of FOLLY, mighty Queen,
Her palace, and what there was seen :
From Joan how Agnes takes her armour,
And thus equipp'd pursues her charmer ;
How she's made pris'ner by the way,
Falling to lust a helpless prey,
Which to no trifling ills exposes
Her virtue, ere the Canto closes.
Last follows hubbub and confusion ;
A skirmish forming the conclusion.

THIS is not all, to own the pow'r
Of valour in the trying hour ;

To boast a firm intrepid eye

The thick of battle to defy,

Dauntless to traverse heaps of slain,

When death has crimson'd o'er the plain ;

Or

Or skill'd in fighting fields, to boast

The conduct of a num'rous host :

For such advantages all climes

Alike enjoy at diff'rent times.

For who shall bold presume to say

If France superior skill display

In war to Britain ; or from Spain

If Germany the palm obtain ?

Since, in their turns, as we have seen,

Victors, and vanquish'd they have been :

Conde was beaten by Turenne,

And sometimes Villars by Eugene.

Did not that Quixote of the north,

That Mars of Kings, whose gen'rous worth

In Stanislaus' protection shone,

For prowess more than mortal known,

Find on Pultawa's fatal day

His former laurels fade away,

To his scorn'd rival doom'd to yield

The glory of the adverse field ?

I A charming

A charming secret, in my mind,
Would be the herd of human kind
To dazzle, and, for that design
T' assume a character divine,
By which at will one might impose
Upon the senses of the foes :
For Rome, to whom all nations bow'd,
To miracles her conquests ow'd ;
Heav'n all propitious, for her use,
Was of its oracles profuse ;
Jove, Mars, and all the deities
Who fill the synod of the skies,
Were in their cause suppos'd to fight,
And guide their victor Eagle's flight ;
Bacchus, that mighty conqu'ror who
Laid Asia waste, Alcides too,
And haughty Alexander strove
To be esteem'd the sons of Jove,
The easier to enforce their sway,
And cause their subjects to obey :

N

Whilst

Whilst all the princes of the earth,
In veneration of their birth,
Prostrate were seen to fall before 'em,
Aw'd by Jove's thunder to adore 'em.
Denis requir'd no other cue
Than such examples to pursue;
Meaning that his same virgin Joan,
Not deem'd a maid by him alone,
Should with the English pass for such,
Whose hardiest chiefs should think as much:
That Bedford, Talbot, in this creed,
Should with Tyrconnel be agreed,
And that the same should be profess'd,
By impious Chandos like the rest;
Who should imagine in the maid,
An arm divine they saw display'd,
Of guilt the terror, and the bane
Of ev'ry man and thing profane.
This plan to aid then Denis chose
A Benedictine, not of those

By whom, in France, of late, the trade
Of Booksellers have fortunes made,
But, fat with ignorance, a Prior,
Whose learning never mounted higher
Than to enable him to gabble
His Latin missal to the rabble;
Lourdis, illustrious wight! was meant
On the new voyage to be sent
Towards the moon, where erst the space
Yclep'd Fool's Paradise had place,
A region on the confines drear
Of that abyss unfathom'd, where,
Before creation sprang to light,
Old Chaos, Erebus, and Night,
Sworn foes to order, and to day,
Maintain'd their blind despotic sway,
There lies a cavernous retreat,
Impervious or to light or heat;
Or pervious only to such light
As gleams to chill, mislead, affright,

That

That should the dubious beam pervade,
Horror more horrible is made.
For stars there jack o' th' lanthorns glare,
And goblins people all the air.
Daughter of Ignorance her reign
Folly extends o'er this domain ;
A child grey-bearded and squint-ey'd,
With mouth like Danchet's open wide ;
A coral in whose heavy hand,
Marks, like a sceptre, her command.
Her foolish family in state
Around her throne collected wait ;
Here Obstinacy, Pride, and there
Credulity, and Sloth appear.
Flatter'd, attended as she's seen,
You would indeed believe her Queen ;
But a mock sov'reign only, she
A pow'rless phantom's found to be,
For all her councils are by fraud,
Her greedy minister, o'eraw'd

'Tis

'Tis his perfidious will is law,
 And she is merely his cat's-paw.
 At will she makes her court abound
 With your astrologers profound,
 Who ev'n in error, boast their skill,
 Dupe-gulling knaves, yet trusted still.
 You there can never fail to see
 Profest adepts in Alchymy,
 Makers of gold, and yet whose curse
 Is to possess an empty purse;
 Your Rosicrucians, and those fools
 Who stun the theologic schools.
 Thither fat Lourdis was to go,
 The Saint's deputed plenipo.
 What time the Queen of darkness had
 The Heav'ns in murkiest fable clad,
 Lourdis, on Sleep's soft bosom laid,
 Was to Fool's Paradise convey'd,
 Where ev'ry object met his eyes,
 Rather with pleasure than surprise:

For here no sooner was he come,
Than he conceiv'd himself at home.
The suit of pictures from on high
Caught, as by sympathy, his eye,
For Cacodemon's art, to grace
This antique venerable place,
Had, with his emblematic scrawls,
Furnish'd the vast extent of walls;
In never-fading fresco, where
The follies of mankind appear :
Blunders in groups, a social train,
And whims, the fly-blows of the brain :
Growing to maggots here one sees,
Caprices too in swarms like bees ;
Absurdities all scatter'd thick,
And here and there a hairbrain'd trick :
With sketches from the life of many,
An Ignoramus, and a Zany ;

Schemes

Schemes under evil planets hatch'd,
In theory, as practice match'd,
Yet, in the monthly mercuries,
Extoll'd for merit to the skies.
Amidst this wonderful confusion
Of folly, madness, and delusion,
Where quick succeeding to the eyes,
Sots, buzzards, and impostors rise,
A haughty Scotchman, *Law* by name,
Superior notice seems to claim ;
A paper crown adorns his head,
And *System* on its front is read :
Amidst large bales of wind he stands,
And deals them out with lib'ral hands ;
His bounty no distinction knows,
On every comer he bestows :
In visions of enormous gain,
Priests, judges, bawds, their coffers drain.
What do I see ! and is it you,
My gentle Escobar ? Molina too !

With wheedling hard, and you Doucin!
Who give to kiss a Bull divine,
So bunglingly by Tellier fram'd,
That Rome to own it was aham'd
With all her front, and e'en profest,
To turn it in her sleeve to jest.
Yet hence those parties were supplied
Which to this day the world divide;
And, what is worse, those tomes profound
With direr mischiefs which abound;
Which Heresy's vile poisons fill
Of cold narcotic power to kill.
Lo! new Bellorophons, that night,
Impetuous combatants for fight
Upon Chimæras mounted go,
And seek with blind fold rage the foe;
Long catcalls serve them to inspire,
By way of clarions, martial fire,
And, in their pious frenzy's heat,
On bladders blown their march they beat.

Heavens!

Heav'ns! what artillery they brought
Along, with dread combustion fraught!
What armour dire, what ammunition,
In shape of mandate, disquisition,
Folios in piles, and to supply 'em,
A magazine of writings by 'em;
Glosses gloss'd o'er again, for fear
They might have unexplain'd been clear.
Bard of Scamander's Heroes, thou
Sage chronicler, who long ago,
Embattled on the deathful plain
Of frogs and mice hast tun'd the strain;
Oh! couldst thou break death's iron sleep,
Among us here to take a peep,
And celebrate this war on earth,
To which a papal bull gave birth.
The Jansenist, to destiny
Submissive slave who bends the knee!
In whose heroic march we trace
The hope forlorn of pow'rful grace,

With St. Augustin's form inlays,
The glorious banner he displays :
But yet unprofitably brave,
He only fights a part to save.
Lo ! in thick phalanx from afar,
Curv'd in their seats to wait the war,
The foes advance to the attack,
Each mounted on an Abbé's back,
Who yield their pliant bodies proud,
In such a cause, of such a load.

Of war and civil broils no more,
Your weak impieties give o'er ;
Discord avaunt ! for peace make room !
See the scene changes to a tomb,
Which near St. Medard o'er the dead,
Rears it's unornamented head ;
In which enclos'd the Pow'r Divine,
T'enlighten France, has fix'd its shrine :

Thither

Thither in crowds repair the blind,
In hopes their long-lost sight to find;
But disappointed of the day,
Back to th' Immanuel grope their way.
The lame comes cap'ring to the spot,
In strength of faith his limbs forgot,
And as repeated jigs he tries,
His loud Hosannahs rend the skies;
And yet, with all his faith and bawling,
He cannot keep himself from falling,
But homeward hobbles just the same,
The crutch-supported wretch he came.
All-list'ning see the deaf draw near;
Listen they may, but never hear.
The mob such miracles profess
Exult impatient to attest,
And, in an extacy of bliss,
The shrine of holy Paris kiss.
Lourdis absorb'd in one broad stare,
His hands compest in silent pray'r,

For all this farce of faintly stuff,
Lacks pow'r to thank his God enough;
With idiot laugh admires the scenes,
Yet knows not what the mum'm'ry means.

A wise tribunal, lo disclos'd!
Of prelates half, half monks compos'd;
A set of holy men they are,
Who fill th' inquisitorial chair:
To sanctify whose every nod,
Religion thinks, 'tis serving God,
And, for the glory of the Lord,
To arm whose state law lends her sword:
A pair of monstrous scales they hold;
One to contain extorted gold
With blood and treasure running o'er
Of penitents, which they devour;
The other equally as full
Of many a brief and many a bull,

Of

Of Agnus Deis, scarfs, and cowls,
And Orisons of pious souls,
Of Pater-nosters, Ave Marys,
And all the priests vocabularies.
Prostrate before this inquisition,
See Galileo all contrition,
Imploring grace for his offence,
Th' enormous one, of having sense !

Ah ! Loudun's walls, what fire illumes ;
The blazing pyre a priest consumes ;
Poor Grandier ! whom for forcery
Twelve scoundrels have condemn'd to fry.

To wit how fatal France has been !
Or Galigai we ne'er had seen
Doom'd, with such talents, to expire
In tortures of a brilliant fire ;

Q

A hellish

A hellish death denounc'd on her
Charg'd of crim. con. with Lucifer.
In the same neighbourhood I see
That edict of authority
To raise old Aristotle high,
And use of vomits to decry.

Come, father Girard, well thy fame
A sep'rate article may claim !
All hail to thy delicious trade,
Soother of grate-confessing maid !
Of that young penitent the charms,
Say, how dissolv'd they in thy arms ?
Thy choice exploit I much admire,
Passion sublim'd by nature's fire !
Humanity feels no disgrace,
No blush is rais'd on nature's face ;
Humanity must plead thy cause,
Nature, for violated laws,

Has

Has not those crimes to charge on thee
Which blacken thy fraternity.
What puzzles me is, how a share
The dev'l could have in this affair.
Of all who on thy trial fate,
To weigh thy crimes, and fix thy fate,
Who made thy charge, or thy defence,
Judge, jury, council, evidence,
Of whatsoever sect, I swear,
In all the court no conj'rors were.
Folly, great Goddess! thou from whom,
So wond'rous fruitful is thy womb!
Earth has receiv'd of mortals more
Than e'er of gods Cybele bore :
How pleas'd must that dull eye of thine
Rest on this native land of mine,
And see thy children in such swarms,
Reflecting back their mother's charms!
Fools who compile, and who translate,
Fools who affect the author's state,

And

And not less fools, who take the pains
To read the produce of their brains.
Goddeſs, might I preſume to aſk,
Oſall thy ſons whoſe 'tis to baſk
In the full ſunſhine of thy ſmile,
Moſt fam'd for flatneſs of his ſtyle,
Moſt giv'n to trip, and by his bray
The aſs at ev'ry turn betray ;
Addicted like a ſnail to creep,
And the ſame jog-trot pace to keep ?
But, who thy darling is, I ſee,
The Trevoux Journaliſt is he !

What time good Denis, holy man,
On high of that myſterious plan
The ſecret train prepar'd to lay,
Which on the foe he meant to play ;
Fate to another ſcene gave birth
Amongſt the grandee fools on earth.

For Orleans Charles is on the road,
His colours flying all abroad ;
Joan clad in steel, and flush'd with pride
Of vaunted conquest, by his side:
The flow'r of chivalry ! gay band
Of gallant knights, with lance in hand,
The holy Amazon furround,
And eye her with respect profound.
At Fontevraux thus o'er the male
The woman's pow'r you see prevail ;
The sceptre there a lady sways,
The monk, her blessing ask'd, obeys.
Mean while, unable to discover
The idol of her soul, her lover,
Agnes, the poor forsaken fair,
Becomes a prey to sad despair ;
Her colour gone, a deadly cold
Of every charm and sense lays hold.
Friend Bonneau, always near displays
Officious zeal a thousand ways,

R

Administ'ring

Administ'ring whate'er has pow'r
The fleeting spirit to restore:
Nor is his zealous service vain,
She opes her lovely eyes again;
But not as when their piercing rays
Were wont to fascinate the gaze:
The fun of beauty but appears
As 'soon as ris'n to set in tears.
Then leaning with dejected air
On Bonneau thus laments the fair:
'Tis past! and I unhappy maid,
By perjur'd man, alas betray'd!
Oh! whither is the traitor bent,
What road is his, and what intent?
What oaths he swore, by which was won
My yielding heart, and fame undone!
And must I stretch'd in bed alone,
Without my lover, lie and moan,
Whilst Joan, that hardier, happier she,
No foe to England, but to me,

Employs her malice with success,
'Gainst me my love to prepossess.
Gods! how I hate these savage creatures,
Disguis'd in soul as well as features;
Your cavaliers in petticoats,
Your candidates for cutting throats,
Affecting man's heroic pow'rs,
Without a single charm of ours;
Who, woman's boast! have never found
Our softer surer way to wound:
Both sexes aping, yet of neither,
Having sufficient to be either.
With that she weeps, sighs, blushes, burns;
Love, shame, resentment, grief by turns,
And flashing jealousy supplies
A wilder lightning to her eyes.
But Love's invention in a trice
Hatch'd in her brain a new device;
To Orleans now her journey bending,
Alice and Bonneau still attending.

Agnes

Agnes to bait, it came to pass,
Stops where, but now, the martial lass,
By her hard journey sorely shaken,
Had to repose herself betaken.
Agnes lies still, till not a mouse
Was heard to stir in all the house,
And fishing where the heroine slept,
And where mean while her arms were kept,
Into her chamber like a sprite,
She glides unheard at dead of night,
There enter'd, on her lovely thighs
John Chandos' breeches first she ties ;
In strict embrace her swelling breasts
The weighty cuirass next invests ;
And all her limbs are taught to feel
The bruises of the martial steel :
Whilst Bonneau with his timely aid
Supports the mail-encumber'd maid,
Who, whilst her tott'ring form he stays,
Thus in a gentle accent, says,

O Love!

" O Love ! that dost my soul command,

" Give firmness to this trembling hand ;

" Great pow'r ! enable me to bear

" This massy armour which I wear :

" To move the author of my pain,

" Nor let this weight be borne in vain.

" Pants for an Amazon his heart ?

" Thou giv'st me to sustain the part :

" To fight, nor let me be denied,

" For ever present by his side.

" And oh ! should in the battle's strife,

" The arrowy shower threat his life,

" Let this sad head receive it all,

" Falling let me prevent his fall ;

" Happy and heav'n's peculiar care

" That he may live is all my pray'r ;

" And let me die supremely blest,

" Belov'd and folded to his breast."

Whilst arm'd by Bonneau this she said,

Her Charly was a league a-head.

Agnes, to seek her foul's delight,
Resolves to move that very night:
Determin'd thus to urge her road,
Bending beneath her armour's load,
And able scarce to budge an inch,
Curfing her mail at ev'ry pinch,
With legs all bruis'd and buttocks flay'd,
To roost upon her horse is laid;
Whilst the fat Bonneau, pond'rous rider,
Snores on a Norman hack beside her.
Love full of fear with anxious eye
Sees her set out, and heaves a sigh.
Agnes was scarcely under way,
When from a wood, which hard by lay,
The sound of horses and of arms
Issued, exciting dread alarms;
The noise redoubles on her ear,
When soldiers drest in red appear,
And, to encrease the maid's disaster,
Redcoats who call'd John Chandos master.

Cries

Cries one advancing quick, " Disclose,
" Whom fight you for, or friends, or foes ?"
The artless fair replies at once,
" Agnes my name, for love and France."
At these two names, by Heav'n design'd
To be inseparably join'd,
Hands were upon the lovely maid,
And on her fat attendant laid ;
Then to this Chandos they were borne,
Who dreadful in his ire had sworn,
That those free-booters who could dare
To leave a hero's bottom bare,
For his lost breeches and his steel
The vengeance of his wrath should feel.
When sleep withdraws his gentle sway,
And gives our op'ning lids to day ;
What time the songsters of the grove
Take up a-new their strains of love ;
When nature feels more vig'rous heat,
And quicker all our pulses beat ;

And

And to the mind each sense inspires
Voluptuous wishes and desires :
Chandos, 'twas then thy lovely prize
Herself presented to thy eyes,
More bright, more beauteous to behold,
Than the sun drest in orient gold.
What, Chandos, could thy feelings be,
Awak'd, within thy pow'r to see
Such beauty taken in the mainor,
With breeches on that must arraign her ?
Chandos with fiercest passion stung,
Lascivious eyes upon her flung ;
Whilst Agnes, almost dead with fear,
Trembles like aspen-leaf to hear,
The furious hero mutt'ring still,
" I'll have my breeches back, I will."
First on the bed he makes her sit,
And says, " fair captive, quit, O quit
" This dress, these heavy arms resign,
" Ill suits their weight with limbs like thine."

With ardent passion then on fire,
And hope inflaming fierce desire,
The helm he from her head unlac'd,
And cuirass which her bosom cas'd:
Agnes resists with lovely grace,
Whilst blushes overspread her face.
For, tho' the victor might controul
Her body, Charles was in her soul.
In such a crisis to be watch'd
Chandos dislik'd, so strait dispatch'd
Bonneau, to merit the new post
Of master Cook, and rule his roast.
For almond puddings he on fame
May justly challenge the first claim;
And but for him, France ne'er had boasted
Eel pies, and legs of mutton roasted.
Alas! cry'd Agnes, frighten'd, " what,
" Good my lord Chandos, are you at?"
" By G—d, (each English hero swears)
" Some one, at hazard of his ears,

T

" A bloody

" A bloody injury to me,
" In darkness wrapt has done," says he.
" These my identical small cloaths
" I claim, should Satan interpose;
" For, wheresoever found be't known
" I'll make reprisal of my own."
This, in the humour he was in,
Was but to strip her to the skin :
Lo! the lost fair is in his arms,
Bathing in fruitless tears her charms ;
His force unable to prevent,
Yet crying still, " I'll not consent."
Just then a cry, to arms! to arms!
Was heard, replete with new alarms :
Whilst the loud trumpet mouth of death
Diffuses horror from its breath.
Joan waking searches all around,
Her armour's no where to be found ;
Gone is the helm, with plumes o'erspread,
The cuishes, and the cuirass fled.

Then sudden seizing the rude gear
Of some rough trooper which lay near,
She mounts her ass, and with loud hollow,
Cries, "To revenge your country, follow."
A hundred knights her steps attend,
And common soldiers without end.
Just in this very nick of time,
Lourdis from Folly's genial clime
Envoy extraordinary came post,
Alighting 'midst the English host,
Clad in impenetrable night,
Invisible to mortal fight;
And bearing on his ample back,
Fruit of his voyage, a huge pack,
Stor'd with the choice commodities,
Which Folly's fertile soil supplies,
The freight of which, in copious show'rs,
Upon the English camp he pours;
Treasures of thickest ignorance!
Yet common all of them to France.

Thus

Thus from her ebon chariot's height
The fable Majesty of Night
Scatters her poppies o'er our eyes,
And lulls us in the arms of lies.

END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

T H E
M A I D O F O R L E A N S.

T H E F O U R T H C A N T O.

Dunois and the Virago Joan,
An army in themselves alone,
The English enemy engage,
Whilst death on all sides marks their rage :
Of a strange castle next you hear,
And what befel the warriors there.

WERE I a King, I would be just
In the discharge of such a trust,

In peace my people to maintain,
Whilst every moment of my reign
By some new blessing should be known,
To give a lustre to my crown.

U Or

Or if Controller of Finance,
I from the treasury of France
Would largely draw, that I might shed
My bounties on the learned head;
For he earns dearly what he gains,
Who reaps the labour of his brains.
Or, metropolitan divine,
Of Paris were the mitre mine,
To bid opposing sects agree,
The bus'ness of my life should be;
Enroll'd with Molinists my name,
The savage Jansenist to tame;
But if to love it was my doom
Some fair in youth and beauty's bloom,
To her dear apron string still tied,
I never would forsake her side,
But ev'ry hour of ev'ry day
On downy wing should steal away,
And in variety's hot-bed,
By ever teeming fancy bred,

For

For ev'ry moment of each hour
Joy should unfold a diff'rent flow'r,
Whose sweets should aid me to detain
The willing captive in my chain.
Ye happy lovers how severe
The parting pang! the absent tear!
Yet pleasing are the lover's pains,
But then what danger he sustains!
For ill advis'd, who stays away
From his lov'd mistress but a day,
Thrice risques, alas! in that short space,
To bear the cuckold's sad disgrace.
Scarce of his delicate repast
Had gallant Chandos 'gan to taste,
Than Joan from rank to rank is found,
Furious, and dealing death around;
With Deborah's redoubted lance
She Dildo kills, that foe to France.
Who Clervaux's treasury despoil'd,
And Fontevraux, thy nuns defil'd;

Then

Then Fonkinar, with a new sleight
Of her bold arm, she robs of sight ;
The gallows long had been whose lot,
If his deservings he had got ;
Native of bleak Hibernia's shore,
Dipp'd in the Shannon nine times o'er,
Yet for intrigue in every town
Of France three years his fame was known,
Where with success he love had made,
Not like a novice in the trade,
But one who from his earliest time
Had breath'd in Italy's soft clime
The genial love-inspiring breeze,
And taken regular degrees.
She next with a resistless blow
The Lord of Halifax lays low ;
And Borax that, impertinent,
His kinsman after him is sent :
Then falls, his father who denied,
Base Midarblou, and by his side,

Foul Bartonay, whom incest led
 To violate a brother's bed.
 By her example all on fire,
 There's not a trooper, knight or 'squire,
 Ten men at least of Britain's host,
 To have dispatch'd who could not boast,
 Whilst in the van stalks giant Fear,
 And ghastly Death brings up the rear,
 As if some God's auxiliar might
 Was manifested in the fight.
 Amidst the armour's gleam and rattle,
 The hurly burly of the battle,
 Lourdis, as loud as he could bawl,
 Cried " Britons mark ! and tremble all,
 " And learn betimes to be afraid
 " Of this fame wonder-working maid ;
 " 'Tis holy Denis arms her hand,
 " In vain her prowess you withstand :

X

" Ye

“ Ye scum of Albion kneel I say,
“ And ask her blessing while you may,”
The furious Talbot, in a bath
Of foam by his excess of wrath,
In the first transport of his ire
Seizes and binds the raving friar,
Who, notwithstanding he was tied,
Still with heroic firmness cried,
“ A martyr I, heed what I say,
“ A virgin she, and her's the day.”
Man, of credulity the jest,
Soft clay too easily impress;
To all the stuff beneath the sun
How soon thy yielding faith is won!
O'er which the dreadful to prevail,
And marvellous can never fail.
Now the seiz'd monk's enthusiast roar
Avail'd to move the English more,
Than could the Amazon, and band
Of slaught'ring heroes, sword in hand.

That

That old instinctive disposition,
Which makes us dupes to superstition ;
Error with all its giddy train
Of phantoms which infest the brain ;
Cold fear from dark illusions bred,
Had fairly turn'd each Briton's head ;
Scarce known philosophy was then
Amongst this hardy race of men ;
The age of chivalry but few
Creatures of that description knew ;
A Gothic night conceal'd the blaze
Of wisdom which illumines our days ;
Chandos the brave, still unappall'd,
Thus boldly to his foll'wers call'd,
" Victors of France, and let that name
" Re-kindle your heroic flame,
" Shape to the right your conqu'ring way,
" And change the fortune of the day."
The word no sooner pass'd his mouth,
Than contrary, as north to south,

To his command the squadron wheels,
And take with curses to their heels.
Thus on the fertile plains of old,
Round which Euphrates' stream is roll'd,
When human art presum'd to rise
In mad attempts to reach the skies,
Th' Almighty laughing at their labours,
And disapproving of such neighbours,
Into a hundred jargons threw
The only language which they knew,
So that to drink when one demanded,
Mortar and brick another handed;
Heav'n blasted their presumptuous pride;
And forc'd this people to divide,
O'er all the earth new seats to find,
Leaving their foolish work behind.
In Orleans soon the news is known
Of this same fight without the town;
Thither on rapid pinions Fame
Flies, and proclaims the virgin's name.

Who's

Who's he but must th' impetuous glow
Which marks the Gallic nation know ?
Of honour full, these fools of France
To battle rush, as to a dance ;
Dunois, of bastards he the flow'r,
Dunois in Greece who had of yore
Been taken for another Mars,
And worship'd as the God of wars.
Trimouille, Saintrailles, and young La Hire,
And Richmond breathing equal fire,
Now from the walls are fallied out,
Chacing the foe in fancied rout,
And with joint shoutings stun the ear,
“ Where are these English scoundrels, where ?”
But to their cost they were not far,
For Talbot skill'd i'th' trade of war,
Posted commodious at his beck,
Our fallies to surprise and check,
Had near the gates of Orleans laid,
Ten companies in ambuscade ;

Great Talbot long ago aloud,
By love and by St. George had vow'd,
That he would enter Orleans' gate,
Or would to rot before it wait;
Two passions, swallow'ing all the rest,
Divide the empire of his breast.
Fat Lovet's consort, stately dame,
For him felt more than friendship's flame;
And he by noble hope inspir'd,
To storm the town and he was fir'd.
Scarce mov'd our knights a hundred steps,
Than Talbot from his ambush leaps:
But, in extremes, the French collected,
Were less alarm'd than was expected.
Ye fields surrounding Orleans' wall,
Illustrious theatre, tho' small,
Of this encounter fought so roughly,
And on each side maintain'd so toughly;
Your foil a century and more
Was fertiliz'd with human gore:

Nor

Nor Zama's nor Pharfalia's field,
A scene so full of blood could yield ;
Nor on Malplaquet's fatal plain,
Tho' cover'd with whole hosts of slain,
Did such terrific fights combine
War's face to crimson as on thine ;
Spears bristled now like standing corn,
Now of their tops like stubble thorn ;
Horses and horsemen overthrown,
But up again as soon as down ;
The flashing steel's terrific gleam,
Reflected by the solar beam ;
And flight succeeding close to fear,
And wild confusion ev'ry where ;
Whilst thick as hops to strew the ground,
Chins, noses, legs, and arms are found.
Thron'd in Heav'n's empyreal height,
The angels who preside o'er fight,
Majestic Michael and two others,
Warriors alike and chosen brothers.

With

With eyes bent earthward, of this fray
So dread were taking a survey ;
Where mortal things above he weighs,
Michael his balance then displays ;
From his nice hand the sep'rate fate
Of France and England finds its weight ;
Oppos'd their heroes, those of France
Are wanting found, Oh ! dire mischance !
Kicking the beam, whose lighter scale
Leaves Talbot's destiny prevail :
A judgment this as it turn'd out,
And richly merited no doubt.
Richmond, straight writhing with the smart
Made by some heav'n-directed dart,
Feels from his hip a length of wound,
E'en to the buttock's farthest bound ;
The old Staintrilles above the knee
Wounded you agonizing see ;
La Hire the beauteous, fate severe !
Was wounded, but to mention where

I dread, but 'twas in such a part,
That for his mistress bleeds my heart ;
Trimouille till dooms-day would have stuck
Fast in a bog, unless by luck
An arm had broken been to save
The hero from this shameful grave ;
So that each hobbling warrior needs
The hospital of Invalids.
Thus were they punish'd for the crime
Of mocking Denis on a time ;
Heav'n when it wills, to suit its plan,
Justice or mercy deals to man ;
Take Quesnel's sentiments about it,
And vouch'd so strongly, who can doubt it.
The bastard now 'twas pleas'd to free
From sharing in the penalty
Denounc'd so heavily to fall
Upon his scape-grace comrades all,
Who off the field, on litters laid,
Meanly provided were convey'd,

Roaring out curses on the pate
Of Joan, and on their own sad fate ;
Dunois, without a scratch that smarts,
Like lightning on the English darts,
Breaks through their ranks and lets in day,
By lanes of death through their array,
And gains the spot where rag'd the fight,
And Joan put all to death, or flight.
As when to terrify the swains,
And waste the produce of the plains,
Two torrents down the mountain's side,
Precipitate their mingled tide ;
So Joan and Dunois rush to fight,
Consolidated in their might ;
Such fury did the heroes shew,
And chac'd so eagerly the foe,
That distancing their party, they
Long wander'd till they lost their way,
And found themselves benighted, where
No sound of friend or foe they hear.

They halt, and France for ever ! cry,
But Echo only made reply.
There in a wood by the moon's light,
Whilst solemn silence hush'd the night ;
They go, come, turn, but to regain
Their road alas ! they try in vain,
Till, tir'd of searching, in despair
They totally give up th' affair,
Till like their horses long unfed,
With toil and hunger almost dead,
They curs'd their fortune, which supplied
The victor's palm, but beds denied.
Thus with her sails and rudder lost,
A ship by winds and waves is tost.
A certain dog then pass'd beside 'em,
And seem'd expressly sent to guide 'em ;
With friendly yelp his tail he shakes,
And ev'ry sign of welcome makes,
Before them runs with nose i'th' wind,
And looks a hundred times behind,

And:

And in his language seems to say,

“ This, this my masters is the way ;

“ Then follow and your steps I’ll bring.

“ To lodgings worthy of a king.”

Our heroes could not fail to guess

What all those signs meant to express ;

By hope inspir’d, so on they jog,

Trusting the convoy of the dog,

And as they went for France they pray’d,

And handsome compliments still paid

Each other, ever and anon

Their wonderful exploits upon ;

Spite of himself, still Dunois fly

Cast on the virgin a sheep’s eye ;

But well aware what near relation

The destiny of the whole nation

To that her hidden trinket bore ;

That, pluck’d this rose a day before

The year its perfect course had run,

France would for ever be undone ;

He

He nobly stifled as they rose
Each base desire, that might oppose
The end of Denis's great plan,
And in the patriot quench'd the man ;
When, from the badness of the road,
Her ass of stumbling symptoms shew'd,
With his right arm in time display'd,
Officious Dunois held the maid ;
Whilst with her left behind her cast,
Joan, sweetly blinking, held him fast,
So that their mouths would often meet
Thus riding in encounter sweet,
In nearer converse to transfuse
Their patriot souls, and nothing lose.
At dawn a beauteous palace, rear'd
With snow white marble walls, appear'd ;
A length of Dorick colonnade,
Top'd with a porcelain balustrade,
The grand balcony's weight sustain'd,
Transparent Jasper richly vein'd.

Our pilgrims dazzled in amaze,
Thought Heav'n was op'ning on their gaze.
At the dog's bark the sudden sound
Of twenty trumpets echoes round,
And forty footmen they behold,
Bedizen'd out in cloth of gold,
Prompt with officious zeal to fly
At the least motion of the eye.
Politely two young ushers bend,
Their introduction to attend ;
Damsels then wait to lead the way,
And to rich baths the guests convey,
Where wash'd and wip'd, and cleanly shirted,
They look'd as if they'd ne'er been dirted,
And having at the eating work
Play'd a most glorious knife and fork,
On broider'd beds they all the day
Stretch'd, and like heroes snor'd away.
Of this imperial Inn the host
No common origin could boast ;

For

For to those Genii, whose abode
Is in the skies, his birth he ow'd,
Who with our mortal oft' to blend
Their high immortal condescend ;
By such incarnate, of a Nun
The Lord Conculix was the son,
A necromancer fam'd was he,
And worthy of his pedigree.
When he had reach'd his fourteenth year,
His fire descending from his sphere,
Visits his son, and says " My lad,
" I gave thee life, behold thy dad
" Who comes to know his child's request,
" 'Tis but to wish, and to be blest ;"
With each voluptuous notion born
Which might his noble line adorn,
Conculix thus, with joy on fire,
Bespeaks th' indulgence of his fire.
" I feel myself of race divine,
" For all desires in me combine,

" Then

“ Then be each pleasure at my call,
“ And talents to enjoy them all ;
“ I would like man and woman love,
“ Alternately their passions prove,
“ By night a woman’s, and by day
“ Furnish’d the part of man to play.”
The Demon then, “ what thou hast wanted
“ Is thine, thy destiny is granted.”
And from that hour the ribald creature
Feels properties of double nature.
Thus Plato, wisest of the wise,
Th’ enlighten’d fav’rite of the skies,
Held that the founders of our line,
Kneaded of clay by hands divine,
Were in themselves all perfect fram’d,
And so Androgynous were nam’d,
As, from the sex commix’d, possessing
Capacity of ev’ry blessing.
But of an animal thus plann’d
Conculix had the upper hand ;

To self our pleasures to confine
Is not the lot the most divine,
To share our happiness the pow'r
Of heav'nly origin has more ;
But 'tis supremely to be blest
To be of both in one possesst ;
Enabled with as little labour
To please one's self, as please one's neighbour.
His courtiers, as the sex prevail'd,
A god of love or goddess hail'd,
And from all quarters to his bed
Youths and spruce dowagers were led ;
But to enhance his favour'd lot,
Conculix fairly had forgot
The most essential thing to crave,
The first of boons which man can have ;
The pow'r of pleasing, which alone
Is ev'ry gift summ'd up in one ;
For to this letcherous monster Heav'n
The ugliness of hell had giv'n ;

No loves lay ambush'd in his eyes,
To wound and conquer by surprize,
In vain he lavish'd vast expence,
And try'd each art to bribe the sense,
Call'd dance and music to his aid,
And ev'ry luxury display'd ;
The lyre he touch'd alike in vain,
No charm accompany'd the strain ;
For when a gentleman, by day
He on some fair one's bosom lay,
Or when by night a lady, she
Submitted to some debauchee ;
Ev'n in the bud his joys were blighted,
His flame unfelt and unrequited ;
For all return'd his fond embrace
With hate, repulses, and disgrace,
A melancholy proof to shew
That grandeur is not bliss below.
And shall the meanest chambermaid
Enfold her fond gallant? he said,

Each

Each dandy-prate cockaded boy
A dutchefs at the least enjoy?
The monk, his order not preventing,
Find in her cell the nun consenting?
With ev'ry rare endowment blest,
Of genius, wealth, and pow'r possest,
Shall, in this sublunary round,
The veriest wretch alive be found,
To me alone that blifs denied,
Enjoy'd by all the world beside?
By the four elements he then
Swore, that on all his fav'rite men,
And maids, who should indiff'rent prove
To his warm overtures of love,
His swing of vengeance he would take,
And horrible examples make.
No monarch e'er before or since
Receiv'd his guests more like a prince:
Never did Saba's swarthy queen,
Nor she of Amazonian mien,

Thalestris hight, to Persia led
To share great Alexander's bed,
Return beneath so rich a load
Of gifts, as those which he bestow'd
On the choice objects of his flame,
Knight errant, batchelor, or dame.
But he unhappy, who should chance,
Restiff, to want due complaisance,
Or should the least resistance give,
Was sure to be impal'd alive.
Conculix now at close of day
Feeling the female gender's sway,
Four pages to the bastard's ear
Instructs her compliments to bear,
Begging his company to eat
A bit in private, *tete a tete*.
What time that Joan in public fate,
And supp'd in all the forms of state,
The beauteous Dunois, breathing sweets,
The flatt'ring assignation meets,

Whose

Whose lov'd approach the fair one waits,
Her board deck'd out with choicest cates,
Such as of old th' Egyptian queen,
Sister of Ptolomy, was seen,
That wanton epicure of woman,
To offer her voluptuous Roman,
The gallant Anthony, or Cæsar,
From heroes funk to fots to please her ;
Such with a monk the costly fare
My fortune it has been to share,
From his gross brotherhood when he
Clervaux' shorn king was call'd to be;
Or such as poets feign'd that Jove,
In the immortal bow'rs above,
Was wont luxurious to provide,
When stealing from his consort's side,
With Semele, Europa, Ifis,
Or Danae, on what most nice is,
He was inclin'd beneath the rose
To sup, and fuddle his old nose.

The feast in elegant display
Euphrosyne and Sisters lay,
Titled on high the Graces, dames
Known to our pedants but by names;
Celestial cup-bearers, by turns
Administer the nectar'd urns;
Hebe, and the soft Trojan boy,
To be the thund'ers secret joy,
And fill his arms, to Ida's brow
Snatch'd by his eagle from below;
Our gallants in like manner then
Supp'd, 'twixt the hours of nine and ten.
My lady, prodigal of drefs
Had been, solicitous to blefs;
A load of sparkling diamonds shone
About her head and weigh'd it down;
Rubies and rows of pearl were wound
Her yellow neck and arms around,
Which thus contrasted made her more
Loathsome and ugly than before;

She,

She, with her passion all on fire,
Presses the bastard to retire,
At which, so much was he put to't,
He shook for once from head to foot.
Dunois, of knights esteem'd to be
The very pink of courtesy,
Could do no less than be polite,
His civil hostess to requite ;
“ Now if,” said he, “ my complaisance
(Viewing her ugliness askance,)
“ Could stretch up to her wish to treat her,
“ How much the honour would be greater.
“ An honour he was not to boast,
“ Reck'ning alas ! without his host ;
“ But his disaster might befall,
“ The doughtiest hero of us all,
“ For where's the courage will not flinch
“ Sometimes, and fail us at a pinch ?”
Conculix mark'd his rueful face,
And felt compassion for his case ;

For she was flatter'd not a little
By his great efforts, ev'ry tittle
Of which was brought into account,
Tho' not a cypher in amount,
And for the first time, was agreed
The will to construe for the deed.
" Tomorrow a fresh chance I'll lend you",
Says she, " and better luck attend you ;
" Then whilst you this indulgence share,
" To serve me better, sir, prepare."
Now had the harbinger of light
Usher'd the day to mortal fight,
When in his turn, Conculix 'gan
To feel th' ascendant of the man,
With a new passion strait he glows,
And to the virgin's bed he goes,
Her curtain draws, and rudely free,
Without the least apology
The wild unbridled hand of lust
Into her bosom dares to thrust,

And

And, with indelicate salute
Pressing her lips, the horrid brute
Prepares all furious to invade
The heav'nly virtue of the maid ;
Whilst agitated by the storm,
Deformity grows more deform.
But the bold heroine, endued
With Christian rage and fortitude,
A furious blow from her clench'd fist
Stunning the monster's face dismiss.
Thus in my pastures, high in blood,
As full of metal as of blood,
I've seen a mare, of all my breed
The flow'r, for colour as for speed,
With kick disdainfully reprove,
An ass's mean presumptuous love,
Who to her tail enamour'd sticks,
His ears in fancy'd rapture pricks,
And, with a vulgar ardor presses
His rude importunate addreses.

D d

I ween

I ween the Amazon in this,
Tho' self defence, behav'd amiss.
Still happy to take virtue's part,
I have her interest much at heart,
Yet hospitality in me
A ready advocate shall see;
Her rights should always be protected,
And hosts at least should be respected:
But when a prince, a genius too,
A mortal condescends to woo,
And panting for her lip appears,
Ill manners 'twere to box his ears.
Ugly as was Conculix mien,
A fair so bold he ne'er had seen;
Who with such insolence could treat him,
And in his very palace beat him.
His cries the neighbourhood alarms,
And all his court is up in arms;
Guards, pages, lacquies, fiends attend
His orders, and submissive bend,

And

And now a whisper to his ears
Some forward busy body bears
Infidious, that the haughty maid
For Denis more respect betray'd.
Oh! slander, serpent ever found
In courts to spread thy venom round,
Engend'ring where it falls supplies
Of dark reports and hellish lies;
Nor with Conculix less prevails
Thy blasting hiss than at Versailles,
Our tyrant doubly ontrag'd flies
To his revenge, and furious cries,
"I here pronounce the stern decree,
"Impal'd let the offenders be."
His myrmidons without delay
Prepare his orders to obey,
And hurry to a fatal doom
Their country's glory in their bloom
The bastard first, in beauty's pride,
To feel the pointed pale is tied;

Then

Then Joan the impious ruffians take,
And drag her to the fatal stake :
There, for her charms and ill tim'd blow,
A horrid death to undergo ;
E'en of her shift, most shameful ! stripp'd,
And by the cruel beadle whipp'd ;
The fair Virago is submitted
To the impalers to be spitted.
Dunois, with nothing to attend
In this world but his latter end,
All resignation to his fate,
In this his day, ere 'twas too late,
To heav'n devoutly looking, strove
By pray'r to make his peace above ;
Yet such a stern commanding look,
His executioners which shook,
He ever and anon would cast,
Which spoke the hero to the last :
But, soon as Dunois turn'd to see
Th' avenger of the Fleurs de lys

Ready like him to be impal'd,
He fortune's fickleness bewail'd ;
Then of her charms a survey taking,
And preparations which were making,
With tears his manly cheeks were stain'd,
Which but for her had dry remain'd.
As feeling and as firm the maid,
Of death, of fortune not afraid,
The bastard languishly ey'd ;
For whom alone she felt and sigh'd ;
Their youth, their beauty, thus undrest,
Rous'd all that lurk'd within the breast
Of passion, which, till then conceal'd,
This sad extremity reveal'd.
And yet the strange hermaphrodite,
His jealousy increas'd by spite,
Gave to his men the harsh command,
To spit the traitors out of hand.
Just then was heard a voice, like thunder
Rending the elements asunder,

To cry, "Forbear, suspend their lot,

"I charge you stop, impale them not."

The executioners, to hear

The prohibition, start with fear,

And sending out th' enquiring eye,

Beneath the archway they espy

A well-fed priest, Franciscan drest,

In Grisbourdon's known form confest.

As in the forest when a hound

Has, with sagacious nostril, found

Some stag's fresh odour, and inhales

The strong effluvia from the gales,

The game unseen he swift pursues,

Led only by the tainted dew,

O'er hedge and ditch his course he takes,

Skims o'er the heath and thrids the brakes,

To one devoted flot confin'd,

Leaving th' unnotic'd herd behind:

Thus, on the muleteer's broad back,

St. Francis' son pursues the track

Of Joan untir'd, without a stop,
Nor wishes once the chace to drop.
The monk then to Conculix cried,
" By Satan and the Stygian tide,
" That Incubus from whence thou'rt sprung,
" And by the Pfalms thy mother sung,
" I thee adjure the maid to give
" Back to my vows, and let her live ;
" Listen, nor bar th' unpitying ear,
" For both the ransom, lo ! I bear :
" And if so great is their offence,
" That with their doom thou can't dispene,
" Be all their treason on my head,
" And let me suffer in their stead ;
" My fame no panegyrick needs,
" Who has not heard of my great deeds ?
" This mule, illustrious creature, see,
" So worthy to be crost by me,
" Let thy acceptance make him thine,
" For thee was form'd the gift divine ;
" And

“ And then with grateful rapture tell,

“ No mule and monk were match'd so well.

“ But first thy troops profane discharge,

“ And let the pris'ners be at large.”

Joan these proposals heard with dread,

And trembled for her maidenhead ;

Her thoughts of love and glory were

To her than life itself more dear :

Grace too, of heav'nly gifts the best,

Warr'd ev'n with Dunois in her breast,

She wept, and her imploring eyes

With fervor lifted to the skies,

Whilst of her nakedness to think,

Shame cover'd o'er her face with pink ;

Then would she close her forr'wing lid,

And fondly hop'd that all was hid.

Cry'd virtuous Dunois, desp'rate grown,

“ What shall the beauties of my Joan

“ This cloyster'd gallows bird enjoy,

“ And all my country's hopes destroy.

Whilst

“ Alas! this impious conj’ror’s skill
“ Makes all things truckle to his will,
“ Whilst I, till now, within my breast
“ My flame discreetly have suppress’d.”
The Cordelier’s strong eloquence
So won upon the monster’s sense,
That to the terms thus rarely pleaded
Conculix eagerly acceded;
“ This night,” says he, “ I claim my due,
“ My call then wait your mule and you :
“ The criminals, on which condition,
“ Surrender’d are to your petition.”
The monk with Jacob’s staff was blest,
The seal of Solomon possess’d ;
Possess’d the wand of magick pow’r
Which Pharaoh’s forc’ers us’d of yore,
The broom which Saul’s old toothless hag
Riding to Endor made her nag ;
Where, to that silly prince’s eyes,
She caus’d the royal dead to rise :

To him, with such rare treasures stock'd,
Magick's arcana were unlock'd.
A circle made, some dust he took,
Which on the beast behind he shook,
Then, in the dialect of hell,
He mutter'd Zoroaster's spell.
When strange to see! mysterious pow'r's!
Our mule, no longer on all fours,
To stand on two erect is found,
His oblong head transform'd to round;
His coarse black mane soft hair appears,
Contracted is his length of ears:
Thus was that king of elder times
By Heav'n, for his enormous crimes,
Condemn'd sev'n tedious years to pass,
And like an ox to feed on grass,
And then permitted to recover
His pristine form, his penance over,
When he, as true as 'tis amazing,
Was no ways mended by his grazing.

From

From the pure saphire of the sky, high won by
 Good Denis with a parent's eye
 Beheld Joan's woeful case, and down
 To her assistance would have flown,
 But that the saint himself, ev'n he,
 Was from embarrassment not free,
 Who by his late exploit was near
 'Taking the wrong sow by the ear :
 For George, of Englishmen the saint,
 Of master Denis made complaint,
 That without notice, or command,
 Against the Britons underhand
 He war had stir'd, and seem'd to shew
 Himself implacably their foe.
 The saints, with ev'ry thing to nettle
 Their tempers, and call forth their mettle,
 Soon to high words all furious came,
 Ready to blow into a flame.
 Somewhat in saints of English ground
 Still harsh and insular is found.

And now high time it is, and fit,
That I should think of drawing bit,
My strength and spirits to renew,
So long a journey to pursue ;
Nor run myself thus out of wind,
Having to travel much behind,
Which I must lead my readers through,
Th' event of this affair to shew,—
What Joan atchiev'd, and what befell,
On Earth, in Heaven, and in Hell.

END OF THE FOURTH CANTO.

THE
MAID OF ORLEANS.

THE FIFTH CANTO.

For his attempt to ravish Joan,
The Monk is into Limbo thrown,
Who, at the pressing suit of hell,
His story is induc'd to tell.

MY friends, good Christians be, for man.
To follow 'tis the only plan;
To which, my honest word take for't,
Sooner or later, all resort.
With the deprav'd, of precious time
Neglectful, I consum'd my prime!

G g A dif

A dissipated set were they,
To their vile appetites a prey :
At dance, or masque, or play for ever,
But in a place of worship never ;
At taverns still engag'd to sup,
With wine and whores to keep it up ;
And of God's ministers, oh shame !
Delighted always to make game.
What follows?—death, grim death is seen,
With his flat nose and faulchion keen,
To pay, most unexpected guest !
A visit to these sons of jest :
Usher of fate, of stygian race,
Fever, with wild disorder'd pace,
All ardent, is dispatch'd before,
T' announce the strange at the door.
The Fiend is felt in ev'ry vein,
And bears his message to the brain ;
Whilst to remind them of their fate
The nurse and notary await,

With

With, " Sir, be quick, your end is near,
" And you a dead man are, I fear ;
" Where would you wish to be interr'd ?
" If there should be a spot preferr'd."
Then, with the rattle in the throat,
Their dying moments they devote,
To penitence, as late as faint,
Whilst each invokes his fav'rite saint ;
Saint Roch, Saint Mitouche, and Saint Martin,
His feeble efforts to take part in :
In vain they sing, and Latin brawl ;
In vain alas ! to sprinkling fall :
Their psalmody, their Latin fails,
And holy water nought avails.
At the bed's foot, upon the watch,
The devil squats, the soul to catch
With out-stretch'd claws, as from the clay
Escap'd the captive wings its way,
And bears it to the depth of hell ;
Where, fit abode, such spirits dwell.

Now gentle reader, let me say,
How Hell's grim monarch on a day
Was pleas'd, throughout his dark domain,
His vassals all to entertain,
And, toil remitting, bade them know
A glorious holiday below :
A day on which they had to boast
Vast reinforcement of their host.
A certain pope, amongst the rest,
In robe pontifical confest ;
A cardinal, and northern king,
And fourteen canons in a string ;
Three rich intendants swell the corps,
Two counsellors, and monks a score,
Fresh hurl'd from realms above who came,
Fit food for the eternal flame.
To welcome whom the devils fill'd,
And bumper after bumper swill'd.
The black horn'd monarch fat all glee,
His peers around him, this to see ;

Infernal

Infernal nectar then they quaff'd,
Sung jolly songs, and jok'd and laugh'd,
Till, at the door, a cry they hear
Of, "Sir, your servant, are you there?"
"Great emissary! is it you,
"Our trusty Grisbourdon, we view?"
"Walk in, no ceremony pray,
"To warm yourself, and don't say nay."
Then hugg'd, and kiss'd, and so caress'd,
By ev'ry flatt'ring name address'd,
Of father, honest Grisbourdon,
Hell's own apostle, Satan's son!
He in a twinkling was convey'd
To where the gala was display'd.
Him Satan rising hails, "Hell-born
"And bred, thy function to adorn!
"Cut off, untimely in thy bloom,
"So soon I wish'd not for thy doom;
"For, to promote my darling plan
"On earth, thou wert my right-hand man;

H h

"For

“ For who contributed so well
“ As thee to stock our realms of hell ?
“ France, copious seminary ! see
“ Is now my own, and all by thee ;
“ At sight of thee my hope is gone ;
“ But yet the will of fate be done :
“ Then welcome to partake our treat,
“ And on my right assume thy seat.”

The monk a sacred horror feels,
To kiss his master's feet, and kneels ;
Then o'er th' extent of burning vast
His melancholy eye is cast,
Of fire unquenchable the reign,
Where sin, and death, and tort'ring pain,
The natives of this horrid deep,
Their everlasting vigils keep ;
Throne for the unclean spirit fit,
Unfathom'd, world-ingulphing pit !
The sepulchre of antient lore,
Wit, beauty, love, and grace, and pow'r,

Immortal

Immortal, numberless supplies
Of creatures fashion'd for the skies,
But who their heritage of light
Had forfeited for endless night.
Know, in this fiery lake of Styx,
The best of Kings with tyrants mix;
Aurelius, Antonine, has place
With Trajan in this woeful place;
There the delight of human kind,
Titus the amiable, we find;
There the two Catos, vice's scourge,
Are tossing on the fiery furge;
Of continence that pattern too
Scipio, the great self-conq'ror, who
Shines foremost in the lists of fame,
Who, more than Carthage, love o'ercame;
There philosophic Plato's fry'd,
And godlike Homer by his side;
And Tully, from whose mouth distill'd
The sweetest eloquence, is grill'd;

There

There Socrates, on whose blest head
Her lavish treasures Wisdom shed,
Who sure in heathen Greece might claim
The title to a Martyr's name ;
The upright Aristides there,
And Solon, virtue's boast, appear ;
All to damnation sent a packing,
For their confessors' passports lacking.
But what amaz'd the Friar most
Was, as he travers'd all the host,
In this great cauldron to behold
Your quondam Saints and Kings of old,
Whose names had grac'd th' historian's page,
And deck'd the legendary age :
My reader well surpriz'd may be
Clovis amongst the first to see,
And wonder how so great a king,
Who led his people in a string
To heav'n, should miss of that salvation
Which he had furnish'd for his nation.

To burn with heathens who'd have thought
 That christian Clovis had been brought?
 But take this with thee, reader, still,
 That, wash the body as we will,
 No holy lotion will suffice
 To purge the stains of inbred vice:
 Now bloody Clovis had a mind
 Sully'd with crimes of ev'ry kind;
 Nor could St. Remy's sacred bowl
 Cleanse the foul gangrene of his soul.

Amongst the great ones seen around,
 All buried in this night profound,
 What was the Cordelier's surprize,
 On Constantine to cast his eyes!
 Oh Fate! Oh rigorous decree!
 "Can I believe my sight," says he?
 "What, he who to the church gave birth,
 "And routed the false gods from earth?"

I i Is

Is he descended here to dwell

With those he put to rout in hell?

The Emp'ror then sad silence broke,

And dolefully the Monk bespoke :

“ 'Tis true that idols I o'erturn'd,

“ And all their gorgeous temples burn'd,

“ Bidding the smoking ruins rise

“ In lavish incense to the skies ;

“ But all the seeming zeal I knew

“ Had nothing but myself in view,

“ God's altar rev'rencing alone

“ But as the footstool to my throne.

“ Pride, pleasure, rage without controul,

“ Were the sole gods that claim'd my soul :

“ Veil'd in hypocrisy, to those

“ I sacrific'd and paid my vows :

“ With Christians leagu'd but as their name

“ Serv'd me to play a surer game,

“ I wanton'd with their lives and gold,

“ My rank, my fortune to uphold :

“ Whilst,

“ Whilst, to preserve what thus I gain’d,
“ My hand with parricide I stain’d,
“ And plung’d in pleasures and in blood
“ Still deeper, in a frantick mood,
“ By furious passion led away,
“ To secret jealousy a prey,
“ Weak and unnatural, of life
“ I then depriv’d my son and wife.
“ Nor wonder, Grisbourdon, to see
“ That Constantine is damn’d like thee.”

The more survey’d this realm of fires,
The more the wond’ring Monk admires :
Great preachers ev’ry where he sees,
Rich prelates, and of all degrees,
Of casuists, doctors, a vast train,
Italian nuns, and monks of Spain ;
To catch his eye assembled there
The confessors of monarchs were,

And those who all our beauties shriv'd,
Who had their heav'n whilst they liv'd.
A priest, with frock half black, half white,
In corner fullen struck his sight;
Hair, in a bowl-dish cut, he wears,
Quite close and rounded to his ears:
This creature pied, the Cordelier
Regarding with malicious sneer,
Says to himself, "Yon' thing I see
" Sure a Dominican must be;"
Which tempts him sudden to exclaim,
" You, Mr. Pyebald, what's your name?"
" Alas!" returns the mournful shade,
" 'Tis Dominick, a faint by trade."
At mention of a name so great,
You might have seen the Monk retreat,
And cross himself; nor could he credit
The thing, although the saint had said it.
" What! sentenc'd to the depth of hell,
" And to inhabit this dark cell,

" Can

- "Can, like a Heretic," says he,
"A Saint, Apostle, Doctor, be?
"You, of the faith a zealous teacher,
"A man of God! a gospel preacher!
"You found in this infernal place?
"Sure there is some defect in grace.
"Poor mortals! what is your mistake,
"When litanies to saints you make!"
- Our Spaniard clad in habit pied,
Then thus with doleful voice replied:
"Of mortal vanities no more
"Think we, the world for us is o'er.
"Of human errors why this fuss?
"Of import what are they to us?
"Here to be tortur'd is our lot,
"And canoniz'd where we are not;
"The faint most popular on earth,
"In hell has often a hot birth;

“ Whilft he for ever lives in heav’n
“ To Satan whom the world had giv’n.
“ In the black catalogue behold
“ Juftly my bloody name enroll’d !
“ For that a perfecutor I
“ The Albigenfes caus’d to die,
“ With rage unworthy my employ ;
“ Which furely was not to deftroy :
“ So now I fuffer in my turn,
“ Destin’d, for having burnt, to burn.”
If, reader, with an iron tongue,
Of fpeech untir’d, my mouth was hung,
It would exhaust it’s pow’rs to tell
The number of the faints in hell,
When the roaft cohort of the damn’d
Their gueft with compliments had cram’d,
And had to great St. Francis’ fon
Of their fad realm the honours done,
By curiofity inflam’d,
All in one common voice exclaim’d,

“ Dear

“ Dear Grisbourdon, relate, relate,
“ The cause of thy untimely fate;
“ Say to what accident we owe
“ That thy stern soul is here below?”
“ Then firs,” says he, “ without delay,
“ At your entreaty I obey,
“ My strange adventure to declare:
“ But should it chance to make you stare,
“ Charge not imposture on my head;
“ We give o’er lying, when we’re dead:
“ Of your Apostle ’twas my boast
“ On earth, you know, to fill the post;
“ Where, zealous to enhance my own,
“ That of the flock, and your renown,
“ A gallant feat I brought about,
“ Such as, his convent’s pale without,
“ No monk before me, I believe,
“ Had ever spirit to atchieve.
“ That animal without his peer,
“ Illustrious wight! my muleteer,

Of

" Of rare endowments I worthy he
 " To be a rival e'en to me!
 " He, in his duty ever warm,
 " Pleasing Conculix to a charm,
 " Had the delightful consolation
 " Far to surpass her expectation :
 " I too had, (not for me to brag)
 " Lavish'd my ardor on the hag ;
 " Who, ravish'd with the well-urg'd deed,
 " Gave Joan up to us as agreed :
 " And now the rebel maid I prest
 " Averse and struggling to my breast ;
 " Who, maugre all her strong opposing,
 " Her maidenhead was almost losing.
 " The Muleteer abetted me,
 " Conculix sneering by to see.
 " But will you give me credit pray
 " For what I'm now about to say ?
 " The sky abroad was seen to rend,
 " And, fatal wonder ! to descend

“ From Heav’n, where neither you nor I

“ Shall ever go, good reason why,

“ Was seen the animal who bears

‘ A length remarkable of ears,

“ He who of old to Balaam spoke

“ To reprehend the prophet’s stroke ;

“ A dreadful ass ! of velvet rich

“ His saddle was, on bow of which

“ A two-edg’d sabre, keen and bright,

“ Cast a tremendous gleam of light ;

“ A wing from either shoulder grew,

“ Swifter than winds with which he flew.

“ Then cried aloud the struggling ass,

‘ Thanks be to Heav’n, for here’s my ass.’

“ Which exclamation strange to hear

“ My very blood ran cold with fear.

“ His suppliant knees the creature bends,

“ Erects his tail, and neck extends,

“ As if to Dunois he would say,

“ Mount, mount me, noble hero, pray.

" The hero mounts, and to the skies
" Above our heads the creature flies :
" Dunois with sword display'd I see,
" Hov'ring to make a stoop at me.
" Thus, mighty sov'reign, as 'tis said,
" When indiscreetly thou wert led
" Against th' eternal thund'rer's might
" To raise rebellious war, and fight,
" Saint Michael darted from the sky,
" Avenger dread of the Most High.

" In this extreme, my life to save,
" To magick art recourse I have.
" From the strong Cordelier I took
" The thick black eye-brow and stern look,
" And in their stead assum'd the mien,
" The charming freshness of fifteen.
" Loose play'd about my bosom fair
" The ringlets of my flaxen hair,

I

" Whilst

- “ Whilst the thin veil of gauze betray’d
“ The full-blown ripeness of the maid.
“ Practis’d in ev’ry female wile,
“ Or when to ogle, or to smile,
“ I taught the countenance and eyes
“ To undergo the best disguise ;
“ Yet such simplicity display,
“ As still engages to betray :
“ But, through the varnish of the whole,
“ The air voluptuous often stole,
“ Enough to warm the hermit cool,
“ Make the philosopher a fool,
“ And melt the most obdurate heart ;
“ What cannot beauty leagu’d with art ?
 Resistless pow’r ! for lo ! the knight
“ Was all enchanted at the sight.
“ Now shudd’ring at the brink of death,
“ His arm invincible beneath,
“ Which the terrifick blade but now
“ Had rais’d, to give the fatal blow,
“ And

“ And half way down was fall’n again,

“ I felt already cleft in twain.

“ Dunois is mov’d and stops, suspending

“ The purpose of his arm descending.

“ Who erst Medusa’s head espy’d

“ Was in an instant petrified :

“ How diff’rent Dunois’ change, who felt

“ At ev’ry look his soul to melt.

“ To see him thus dispos’d to feel,

“ To see his hand let fall the steel ;

“ To see each softer passion move

“ The hero thus dissolv’d in love,

“ Who had not thought the vict’ry gain’d ?

“ But ah ! behind the worst remain’d !

“ The Muleteer, who to his breast

“ Joan’s Amazonian beauties prest,

“ Soon as he view’d my softer charms,

“ Strait a new flame his bosom warms.

“ My

- " I never dreamt, with taste so fine,
" That he could lust for charms like mine
" Nor with inconstancy suspected
" So coarse a soul could be infected :
" Joan sunk from his relax'd embrace,
" And of her beauties mine took place.
" Scarce was at liberty the maid,
" Than she beheld the shining blade,
" From his loose grasp by Dunois dropp'd,
" When sudden love his purpose stop'd ;
" Which, with her right hand seizing, she,
" That fatal instant when to me
" From the proud maid the faithless clow.
" On wings of new desire had flown,
" Up-heav'd, and with a back-hand-blow
" The chine dividing, cut me through.
" And since no news has reach'd my ear
" Of cruel Joan, or Muleteer,
" Or what to Dunois came to pass,
" Or to Conculix, or the ass.

"Curfes upon them! may they be

"A hundred times impal'd for me!

"May Heavn's juft vengeance on them fall,

"And Hell, to please me, take them all."

The Monk thus in a paffion fpoke,

And all Hell chuckled at the joke.

END OF THE FIFTH CANTO.



